

BARRICADED HOUSE AND MISSING WOMAN MYSTERY

The Daily Mirror 20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

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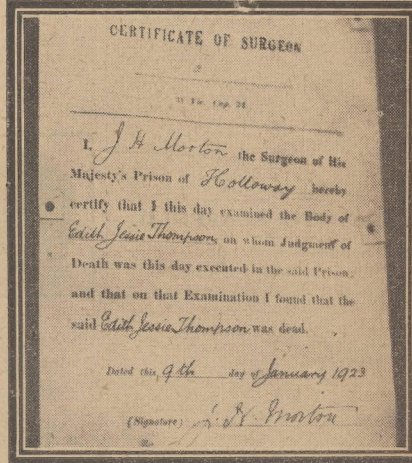
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1923

One Penny.

PENALTIES PAID FOR THE ILFORD MURDER



The crowd yesterday outside Holloway Gaol where Mrs. Thompson was executed for the murder of her husband (inset).



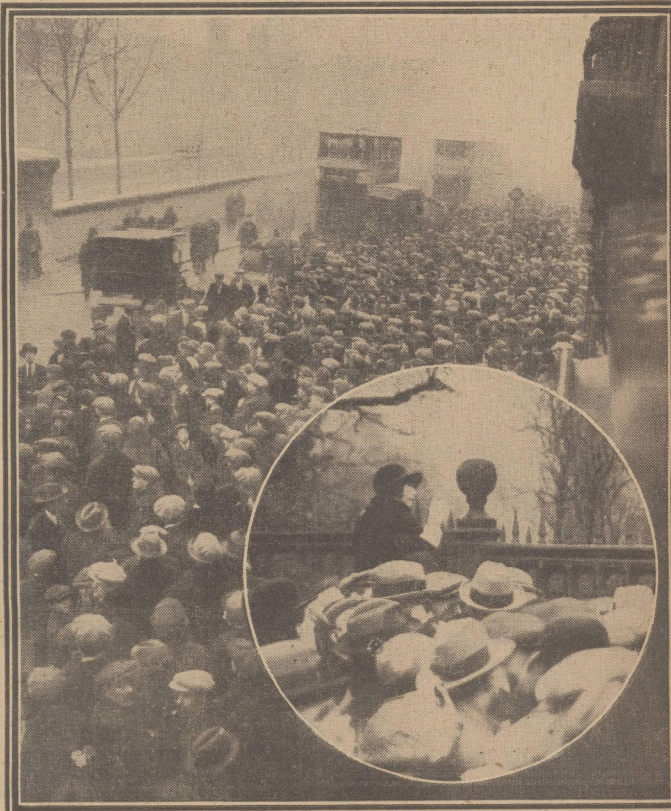
The medical certificate of Mrs. Thompson's death which was exhibited at the entrance of Holloway Prison.



Posting of the notice that Mrs. Thompson's execution had taken place.



A woman and her poster among the waiting crowd at Holloway.



Police keeping back the enormous crowd at Pentonville.

A crowd of between two and three thousand people gathered outside Holloway Prison yesterday morning and awaited the official notice that Mrs. Thompson had paid the penalty for her part in the murder of her husband at Ilford. Five thousand people stood out-

side Pentonville, where Frederick Bywaters was executed. Bywaters, it was stated, was quite composed at the end, but Mrs. Thompson, according to report, "was only partially conscious and dazed when the hour came." She walked to the scaffold with assistance,

ILFORD MURDERERS EXECUTED

Mrs. Thompson Led to the Scaffold Semi-Conscious.

BYWATERS CALM.

Woman's Frequent Inquiries for Lover Before Death.

Mrs. Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters, the murderers of Percy Thompson, the woman's husband, at Ilford, expired their crime yesterday on the scaffold.

The woman was executed at Holloway Prison and her lover at Pentonville at the same hour—9 a.m.

After a night of semi-consciousness, with a doctor in attendance, Mrs. Thompson was dazed, but able, with assistance, to walk to the scaffold. During her last hours she frequently inquired for Bywaters.

Bywaters was calm to the end. He smoked a final cigarette a few moments before the death sentence was carried out, and walked firmly from his cell.

AIDED TO SCAFFOLD.

Mrs. Thompson Under the Doctor's Care Throughout the Night.

Outside Holloway Gaol, where Mrs. Thompson paid the last penalty, a crowd began to gather about 7.30.

Carrying a placard, "Murder Cannot Be Abolished by Murder," a woman paraded in front of the prison.

A solitary mounted constable was on duty in Parkhurst-road, and a small force of police guarded the main entrance to the prison.

By a quarter-past eight, despite the fact that fine rain was falling heavily, about fifty people had collected outside the prison.

As the time for the execution approached the police force was augmented, and shortly before nine o'clock the crowd had grown to several hundreds.

The Under-Sheriff of Essex (Mr. Hamilton Gepp) arrived at the prison soon after eight o'clock, and a little later was joined by the prison chaplain.

"As each minute after the official hour passed and no notice of the execution was posted, a curious feeling passed over the crowd."

"Has anything gone wrong?" was the question that occurred to everyone, but when the chaplain came out in ten minutes past nine suspicion was allayed.

WOMAN'S MYSTERY MISSION.

For an hour previously an elderly woman, who refused to disclose her identity, had been silently pacing the drive leading to the prison.

She stopped the chaplain, spoke a few words, and then, with tears streaming down her cheeks, hurried away.

At 9.25 the motor-car in which the Under-Sheriff had arrived at the prison was taken into the courtyard through the great iron-studded gates.

It was not until 9.33 that the official notice stating that the execution had been carried out was posted outside the prison. It read:—

We, the undersigned, hereby declare that the judgment of death was this day executed on Edith J. Thompson, in His Majesty's prison at Holloway.

Hamilton Gepp, Under-Sheriff.
J. H. Moreton, Governor.

It was afterwards learned that Mrs. Thompson was prostrate nearly all night, and was continually under the doctor's care.

At intervals she asked for Bywaters.

At five o'clock she was unconscious, and when the hour for the execution arrived she was in a dazed state, only partially conscious and hardly able to walk, so that she had to be practically carried to the scaffold.

The doctor was in attendance almost up to the time of the execution.

Ellis was the executioner, assisted by Pierpont, junior.

There was no black flag hoisted and no tolling of the bell.

PARENTS AT INQUEST.

Mr. Graydon Identifies Daughter's Body—'No Hitch' Says Gaol Governor

Mr. and Mrs. Graydon, father and mother of Mrs. Thompson, were present at the inquest on the body of the executed woman, held at Holloway Prison yesterday afternoon. They were accompanied by a woman friend.

The coroner (Dr. Waldo) was assisted by a jury, whose duty in this case, he explained, was merely to inquire as to whether the judgment of death had been properly executed.

Addressing Mr. Graydon, the coroner said he had instructed his officer to inquire whether he—Mr. Graydon—would like to be present at the inquiry. He—the coroner—did not ask Mr. Graydon to give evidence, but if he desired to do so he could.

Mr. Graydon said he had seen the body of his daughter.

The Coroner: Would you care to give evidence in regard to identification?—Yes.

Mr. Graydon was then sworn, and formally identified the body as that of his daughter, Edith Jessie Thompson.

The Coroner: What was her age?—She was twenty-nine last Christmas Day.

Dr. J. Hall-Morton, Governor of Holloway Prison, was called, and the coroner asked him: Was the sentence properly carried out?—Yes, it was rightly and properly carried out.

Was there any hitch?—No hitch of any kind. Was death instantaneous?—Yes, absolutely.

The doctor having added that death was due to hanging, the jury returned the usual verdict that the woman was duly executed according to law.

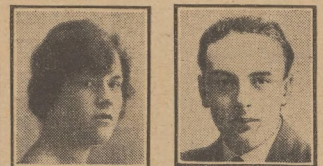
THE LAST CIGARETTE.

Bywaters Calm to the End—Message of Thanks to Prison Officials.

Bywaters passed a fairly good night, and awoke at an early hour.

He partook of a little breakfast and afterwards smoked a cigarette.

Shortly before the final preparations for the execution had been made the condemned man



Mrs. Thompson. Bywaters.

sent a message to the governor and officials thanking them for all they had done for him during the time he had been in Pentonville.

A few minutes before nine o'clock Willis and Pierpont, the executioners, entered the cell and quickly pinioned the condemned man and placed a black cap over his head.

Bywaters walked firmly to the scaffold.

The official notice stating that the execution had been carried out were not posted until about a quarter to ten. The first notice read:—

We, the undersigned, hereby declare that judgment of death was this day executed on Edward Francis Bywaters in His Majesty's prison of Pentonville in our presence. Dated this 9th day of January, 1923.

Francis H. D. C. Whitmore, Sheriff of Essex.
F. W. H. Blak, Governor.

Alfred Pugh, Chaplain.

The other notice was the usual formal surgeon's certificate.

The inquest on Bywaters was held in the afternoon by Mr. Walter Schroder, coroner for Central London, at Pentonville Prison.

Major Blake, the governor, stated that the execution was properly carried out. There was no hitch, and the man was dead within half a minute of leaving the condemned cell.

Medical evidence was given, and the jury found that Bywaters was duly executed according to law.

LABOUR M.P. DEAD.

K.C. Who Won Whitechapel Succumbs to an Operation.

Mr. Charles James Mathew, K.C., Labour member of Parliament for the Whitechapel Division of Stepney, has died at Folkestone, following an operation.

Mr. Mathew, who was born in 1872, was the youngest son of the late Lord Justice Mathew.

At the last election he defeated the Conservative and Liberal candidates. The figures were:—

Mathew (Lab.)	6,267
Kiley (Lib.)	5,839
Instone (Con.)	3,502

FATHERS—BY MISS 1922.

Children Invited to Express Their Opinions of Their Parents.

Children of the members of Harrogate Rotary Club were invited yesterday at a luncheon to express their opinion of their parents.

The secretary's daughter, Miss Mortimer, said that fathers had no originality in punishment, but simply punished as they themselves were punished years before.

They must regard a father as a friend and find in his heart the spirit of youth by giving him trust and confidence.

£48,000 BOND THEFT.

Expert U.S.A. Thieves Suspected of Mail Van Robbery.

PARIS, Tuesday.

Bearer securities representing a sum of 3,300,000 francs—roughly, about £48,000 at the present rate of exchange—were being sent from London to Buenos Aires via Paris are said to have disappeared.

It is believed that the theft was committed on Thursday last, probably in Paris.

London police are following up a clue. They suspect that Americans, who have made a specialty of robbing mail vans.—Reuter.

RAISING RENTS.

Important Decision on the Landlord's Rights.

REFUND DIFFICULTY.

By Our Political Correspondent.

An important decision has now been reached by the Judicial Committee which has been considering the legality of landlords' notices of an increase of rent without the service of notice to quit.

The Committee have come to the definite opinion that, in view of the impossible economic situation which would arise if such notices are not legalised, legislative action will have to be taken to make these notices legal.

The situation with regard to the money that has been recovered from the landlords under the Act is causing the Committee considerable difficulty.

The position is that much money has changed hands under the clause, which, anomalous as it may be in its effect, is, nevertheless, strict law.

To make any alteration of that law retrospective in its effect would shake confidence in the whole system of British law, for no action taken under an Act of Parliament would be safe if a precedent were established in this way for recovering moneys paid strictly in accordance with law.

The rent strikes which are now taking place go further to aggravate the difficulty of the position, and considerable legal ingenuity will be needed to find a way out.

The Cabinet Committee on Housing will, it is believed, recommend a policy of stimulating private enterprise to provide more working-class dwellings.

SWAZI CHIEFS' VISIT.

First Meeting at Colonial Office to Take Place To-day.

The Swazi chiefs will pay their first official visit to the Duke of Devonshire, the Colonial Secretary, at the Colonial Office this morning.

To make any alteration of that law retrospective in its effect would shake confidence in the whole system of British law, for no action taken under an Act of Parliament would be safe if a precedent were established in this way for recovering moneys paid strictly in accordance with law.

The larger question turns mainly on the proposal made some time ago that steps should be taken to include Swaziland in the Union of South Africa.

LORRY LOAD EXPLODES.

Gas Cylinder Blown Over Roofs of Houses 30ft. High.

A motor-lorry loaded with cylinders of acetylene in solution burst into flames at Queen's-road, Liverpool, early yesterday morning.

One exploding cylinder was flung over the roofs of dwelling-houses thirty feet high. Others poured forth fierce white flames and poisonous fumes, which kept back the firemen.

The lorry was reduced to a heap of molten metal, and much damage was caused to buildings. A window and bricks were thrown into the bedroom of a house by the explosion, but the inmates, including three children, escaped injury. A fireman was injured.

ELECTION PROTEST.

Miners' Trustee Who Opposed the Labour Candidate.

The ex-Service men's section of the Derbyshire Miners' Association has referred to the lodges the question of calling upon Mr. Thomas Spencer, J.P., of Alfreton, to resign as trustee of the Miners' Union on account of his having



Mr. Kenyon. Mr. Spencer.

supported Mr. J. G. Hancock, Liberal M.P., for the Belper Division, against Mr. Oliver Wright, the unsuccessful Labour candidate.

Mr. Spencer declares that he will not resign. The lodges will also be asked to consider the case of Mr. Barnett Kenyon, Liberal M.P. for the Chesterfield Division, who is senior miners' agent.

OVER £400 FROM DOG LOVERS.

Over £400 has been received in four days by *The Daily Mirror* from readers wishing to pay for dog licences for persons who cannot afford to do so.

This money will be handed to the Canine Defence League to deal with in the manner requested by the senders. All moneys will, in due course, be acknowledged by the society.

'TOY' DEADLY AS .22 REVOLVER.

Striking New Tests with 'Daily Mirror' Weapon.

EXPERT'S VIEW.

Hole Pierced in Iron Sheet at Five Yards Range.

Further experiments by an expert yesterday with the "toy" pistol purchased without a licence by *The Daily Mirror* showed that when it is converted it is as deadly as a .22 six-chambered revolver.

Firing against tin deal boards, the revolver only penetrated one board. The bullet from the "toy" pistol, after it had been converted, went clean through the first board and buried itself in the second.

Tested with .22 shot cartridge at a yard's range, the converted "toy" blew a large hole in a piece of thick cardboard.

In a *Daily Mirror* Office experiment the "toy," loaded with blank ammunition and lead pellets, penetrated a sheet of iron at five yards' range.

EASY TO CONVERT.

"Toy" Made into Deadly Weapon in Quarter of an Hour.

The "toy" pistol purchased by *The Daily Mirror* at a London store without a licence was tested again yesterday by Mr. Churchill, firearms expert to the Home Office.

The muzzle of the pistol had been shortened so as to remove the gas vents and plug and the barrel widened to take .22 ammunition.

Its hitting power and penetration were then tested against tin deal boards, a six-chambered revolver using the same ammunition.

Firing at a yard's range against four tin deal boards, the experiment showed that while the revolver only penetrated one board the bullet from the "toy" pistol went clean through the first board and buried itself halfway into the second.

Mr. Churchill said afterwards that this might be due to the varying qualities of the ammunition, but that he was nevertheless convinced that the converted "toy" was just as deadly as the revolver.

The work of conversion took fifteen minutes, and was performed by a skilled workman," he said, "but anyone with a knowledge of firearms and the use of drills and files could do it in a very short time."

TEST WITH SHOT CARTRIDGE.

"I have used the same ammunition as used on miniature rifle ranges," Mr. Churchill added, "and all miniature rifle shots know the strength and power of it."

"In a rifle it has a range of nearly 800 yards, and in either this revolver or 'toy' pistol it would have a range of several hundred yards."

Mr. Churchill also demonstrated with .22 shot cartridges, which, he said, were sometimes more damaging than ball cartridges because of the wider area covered.

This ammunition can be purchased without a licence, and when fired yesterday at a yard range from the converted toy it blew a large hole in a piece of thick cardboard.

Other experiments with a toy pistol from which the metal plug had been removed carried out in *The Daily Mirror* office had startling results.

Loaded with blank ammunition and lead pellets, the toy penetrated a piece of sheet iron at five yards' range, and penetrated it at ranges of eight and twelve yards.

It has been proved that if anything the blank ammunition and lead pellets, which can be purchased anywhere without a licence, are more deadly than penetrating than the .22 ball ammunition, the sale of which is strictly licensed.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day is 5.10 p.m.

Mrs. Lloyd George and Miss Megan Lloyd George arrived yesterday at Gibraltar, and left for Algiers.

Woman J.P. Dead.—Mrs. W. P. James, of Pontpool, the first Monmouthshire woman J.P., and a prominent social worker, died yesterday.

Athletic Canon Dead.—Canon Marriott, in his youth a well-known athlete, has died at Netherthorpe, Worcestershire, where he was vicar of St. Andrew's for thirty-five years.

Type Order.—The Northumberland Shipbuilding Company, at Howden-on-Tyne, has booked an order for a vessel of 8,000 tons, the machinery for which will be made at Wallsend.

Masonic Funeral.—William Henry Gardner, a member of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons and Provincial Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, was buried yesterday at Englefield Green, Surrey.

U.S. Consulate.—Efforts to reopen the American Consulate in Newcastle-on-Tyne are being made by Mr. H. Shaw, secretary of Newcastle Chamber of Commerce, who yesterday visited the Foreign Office.

Buried in Cement.—Three men were buried by a fall of bags of cement in a ship's hold in the Tyne yesterday. John Mitchell, forty-nine, being killed. Joseph Lancaster and George Foggia were badly injured.

FRENCH TROOPS TO OCCUPY ESSEN T-MORROW

Default of Germany in Deliveries of Coal Declared by Reparations Commission.

BERLIN DEFIANCE OF M. POINCARÉ'S PLANS

"We Will Do Nothing by Compulsion"—Threat of Strike in Ruhr Industrial Area.

Germany's default in deliveries of coal was declared yesterday by the Reparations Commission, thus giving M. Poincaré the justification he has awaited for extended French occupation of German territory.

Considerable mystery still shrouds the military intentions of France, but the latest report is that the order will be given for the troops to march into Essen at five o'clock to-morrow morning.

Signs are growing that Germany intends to resist M. Poincaré's method of extracting money from Berlin. Dr. Cuno, the Chancellor, declares that they "will not bow to compulsion and will do nothing," and a Ruhr strike is threatened.

Mr. Bonar Law will preside at a meeting of the British Cabinet to-morrow to discuss the situation in the light of French policy.

**BRITAIN VOTES AGAINST BITTER OPPOSITION TO
DEFAULT DECISION.**

**25,000 French Soldiers to
March in 24 Hours.**

AMERICAN WARNING.

By a majority of three to one—Britain dissenting—the Reparations Commission in Paris yesterday declared the default of Germany in deliveries of coal to the Allies.

As a sequel, M. Poincaré, who has been awaiting this decision, is expected to authorise the order for French troops to march into German territory within the next twenty-four hours.

Voting against the Reparations Commission declaration, Sir John Bradbury (quoted by Reuter), after a few friendly words in reference to France, said he was of opinion that, in a problem of secondary importance such as this, a grave decision with all the consequences that would entail, should not be taken.

5 A.M. ADVANCE?

There was, cables the Central News, a surprise at the meeting when the United States "observer" said he agreed that Germany had defaulted, but he considered the Treaty of Versailles set her an impossible task.

The *Eure* claims (says an Exchange telegram) that the action decided upon by M. Poincaré will be put into force to-morrow at 5 a.m.

Advance guards of General Degoutte's armies will pass the frontier of the neutral zone in front of Düsseldorf, Duisburg and Ruhrort, and at the hour when the Premier will mount the Tribune of the Chamber they will have already piled arms on Essen soil.

In order to mark Inter-Allied co-operation, Belgian soldiers will accompany the French.

From Essen the Central News, it is reported that thirty-eight trainloads of French troops are on their way from Mayence. Heavy artillery and Engineers have arrived at Neuss, near Düsseldorf.

A Berlin message to the Central News declares that in the Ruhr district French troops have advanced as far as Mulheim, six miles from Essen.

BLACK TROOPS ON WAY?

The special correspondent of the *Matin* at Coblenz states, according to the Exchange, that the engineers and collectors who have been sent to Essen will be accompanied by about 25,000 soldiers belonging to the Army of Occupation.

A Mayence telegram to Reuter declares that Moroccan troops are passing through the town, and that railway stations in the territory held by the French are occupied by troops.

From Reuter at Cologne comes a message that the French have not yet entered the Ruhr, and that there are no indications of any intention to do so before January 15, at the earliest.

In the British zone the troops are, doing ordinary police duty, guarding against possible sabotage.

RUHR EXCITEMENT.

British Commander Asks for Orders from Government.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday. Reports from the Ruhr region show that great excitement prevails throughout the district. It is reported that the French Commander-in-Chief asked the British in the occupied zone to take the necessary measures to facilitate French transport through the British zone. The British Commander-in-Chief, however, replied that he first requires the approbation of the British Government.—Exchange.



Admiral Sir John Peinert, K.C., Mayor of Kensington in 1912, who has died at his residence at The Hoe, Lynnton, Devon, in his eighty-sixth year.

**TURKS BIDDING TIME FOR
CHANAK ATTACK?**

**Said To Be Waiting to Put
Best Against British.**

OUR SHIPS KEPT READY.

MALTA, Tuesday. Englishmen who have just returned here from the vicinity of Chanak and Constantinople and have been in touch with trustworthy sources of information there express the opinion that the Turks intend to fight, and are only biding their time till they are able to put up their best men against the British at Chanak.

A large Turkish force, estimated at many thousands, is, they declare, at present in Constantinople.

The British naval and military forces are continually on the alert, and the warships, under active service conditions, are kept ready for any eventuality.—Reuter.

A Kennalist decree passed in Adrianople orders Mussulmans between twenty and forty-eight years of age to hold themselves in readiness for the first summons to serve their country.—Central News.

Turks in London.—During the week-end two prominent Turks have arrived in London with a view, it is understood, of securing an interview with British authorities.

WILL CROOKS' WARNING.

**Sir Kingsley Wood's Story of Humour
in Election Contest.**

Will Crooks was famous for his humour, which was always kindly, but sometimes devastating to his political opponents, said Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., at Eltham Park.

Nothing pleased his wife, said the speaker, so much as when he heard Crooks in Beresford-square, Woolwich, delighting an election crowd by shouting: "Kingsley Wood says he will do this, and he will do that; mind he doesn't do you."

"From that day onwards," added Sir Kingsley Wood, "I curtailed my election promises."

BEDROOM DRAMA.

**Husband and Child Dead—Wife in a
Critical Condition.**

Having been separated from his wife for some time, James W. Wride (twenty-six), an unemployed fitter, went to his troubles in his home, Springfield West, Hull, yesterday morning, and attacked his wife and their two-years-old baby, who were in bed, with a razor.

The baby died instantly, and Wride later died from self-inflicted throat wounds. His wife lies in a precarious condition at the infirmary.

The dead man served in the Tanks Corps during the war, and his father died in a mental home.

ANCIENT STATUTE INVOKED

**Labour Councillor's Action Against
Leading Belast Citizens.**

Summonses have been issued at the instance of Alderman Kyle, Labour member of the Belfast Corporation, against Lord Dunleath, Lord Massereene, Sir Robert Kennedy and other leading citizens of Belfast in their capacity as members of the British Empire Union, under an ancient statute for conspiracy to maintain unlawfully a legal action against the Corporation. Defendants must show cause why they should not be committed for trial.

The case arises out of the Corporation paying in the County Court of Belfast in alleged contradiction of standing orders. A Chancery summons was served on the Corporation claiming justice. The British Empire Union taking credit for instigating the proceedings.



Lord Dunleath.

**ALL-NIGHT WATCH ON
BARRICADED HOUSE.**

**Hermit's Vain Dash to
Secure Water Supply.**

VANISHED WOMAN.

**Last Seen in Sidecar on Way
to Catch Train.**

No novelist in search of local "colour" for a mystery story could wish for a better setting than 24, Park-road, Regent's Park.

There is a mid-Victorian atmosphere about the three-storied building, in which, first, Mr. Maltby, senior, and then Mr. Maltby, junior, carried on their business as fashionable tailors.

Dirt and dust and drawn blinds make No. 24 a drab and desolate-looking establishment just now. The doors and windows are locked and barred; no one apparently enters or leaves the premises. It is a house of mystery.

Day and night men stand on the pavements and watch the windows of this barricaded house of silence. Behind the shaded windows Mr. James Maltby, jun., is living a hermit-like life.

From time to time the watchers resort to various devices to get him to speak. Two distinct sets of inquirers desire to converse with him—one has reference to financial affairs and the other to the mysterious disappearance of a married woman, named Alice Hilda Middleton, who in June last went to live at the house of Mr. Maltby, but who has not been seen for four months.

TALK FROM WINDOW.

The *Daily Mirror* understands that in the course of an upper window conversation with a detective, Mr. Maltby explained that he had barricaded his house because he feared a visit from the bailiffs. With regard to Mrs. Middleton, he said he knew nothing. She left his house some months ago; where she went he had not the slightest idea.

Mrs. Middleton's husband is engaged in the mercantile marine; and is at sea for long spells. He allowed his wife £18 a month.

He returned to his home in Hampstead, to discover that his wife was missing. The last month's salary he had sent her through the bank had not been withdrawn.

The *Daily Mirror* is asked to announce that if anyone knows anything concerning Mrs. Middleton's movements since August last they should communicate once with Scotland Yard.

It is stated that Mr. Maltby drove Mrs. Middleton to Paddington Station in his motor-cycle sidecar in order that she might go to Plymouth. Since then nothing seems to have been heard of her.

GAS AND WATER CUT OFF.

Since Mrs. Middleton left him Mr. Maltby is said to have seldom gone out.

Recently the gas and water supplies were cut off. Mr. Maltby has now managed to have the gas and water restored, but he managed to exist, and strange stories are told about stores of tinned food in the cellar and of the flashing of electric torches through the windows at nights.

On Saturday night Mr. Maltby is reported to have made a dash from the house in order to secure a supply of water. The attempt failed, however, and the man dashed back to his barricaded room.

The need for water, however, will, it is expected, bring about his capitulation.

Mrs. Maltby and her six children, the eldest being twenty-two, live at Criklewood.

FRUITLESS INQUIRIES.

**Missing Woman's Sister Puzzled by
Her Silence.**

"I give it up! The whole thing is inexplicable," Mrs. Middleton's sister told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"My sister and her husband were very happy together. I really cannot understand why she should not communicate with any of us—if she is still alive."

"I first realised that something was wrong when the shipping company with whom Mr. Middleton is employed informed me that my sister had not been coming for her allowance." When Mr. Middleton returned home from one of his voyages we instituted many inquiries. They have all led to a blank wall. Mr. Middleton has completed another voyage since then, and he had to leave England again a few days before Christmas."

ARSENAL THEFT CHARGE.

Thomas Scoble, thirty-nine, a leading hand at Woolwich Arsenal and formerly a borough councillor and member of the Woolwich Board of Guardians, and David Little, fifty-three, a packer at the Arsenal, were yesterday committed for trial at the Old Bailey charged with stealing revolver ammunition valued at £5 from a store at the arsenal.

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January**

is a most important time to thousands who look to get

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BARGAINS AT
BURBERRYS**

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Belted Designs
Usual Price 12 Gns.
Sale Price 6 Gns.

**Ladies' Fleece
Ulsters**

Usual Price 10 Gns.
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VELOUR-de-LAINE

lined through silk.
Usual Price 12 Gns.
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Tielocken

Weatherproofs
Sale Price 5 Gns.

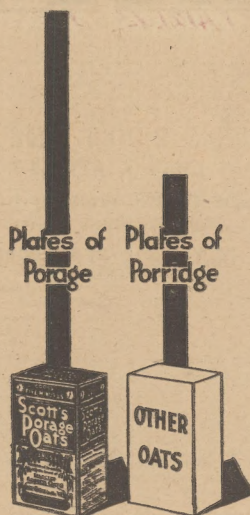
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Men's and Women's
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Boys and Girls.

Full list and conditions of sale on request.

**BURBERRYS LTD., Haymarket,
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**Scott's Porage Oats
go nearly twice
as far —**

Scott's Porage Oats are made from the pick of the Scotch oat crop only. No American or other inferior oats are ever used. A special process removes the husk and hard shell, leaving only the pure oat kernels in easily cooked flakes.

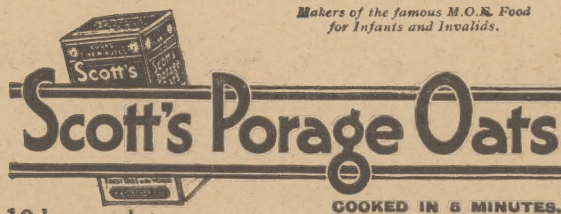
That is why one packet of Scott's Porage Oats goes nearly as far as two packets of other oats. That is why they cook perfectly in five minutes without preliminary soaking.

**Six Breakfasts
cost one penny.**

Buy a packet from your Grocer to-day.

**A. & R. SCOTT, LTD., Colinton,
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Makers of the famous M.O.E. Food
for Infants and Invalids.



10d. per packet.

**Fortify Yourself**

before starting out on a cold winter's morning With a cup of Savory & Moore's nourishing and delicious Cocoa & Milk, which strengthens the body to resist a chill by keeping it well nourished. Savory & Moore's Cocoa & Milk can be taken by all as it is perfectly easy of digestion. Whenever you feel tired, run down or out of sorts it will prove a wonderful restorer, and, as it only requires hot water, it can be made in a moment at any hour of the day or night.

TINS 2s & 3s. Of all Chemists and Stores.

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PEPTONISED
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"The Maternity Dress House of Great Britain."

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CORSETS**

Adjustable to any size.

The famous "Eashbrand" (patented) the only Corset recommended by the medical profession as being absolutely safe for Mother and Child. The Corset is made in fine White Cotton, with surgical elastic abdominal support and elastic side laces. It is a combined Maternity and Nursing Corset. State size of ordinary Corset worn. Price Superior quality 25s. 16/11

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A chrysanthemum plant grown on a single stem from a cutting last year by a Gvedon, Somerset, reader. Over six feet high, and measuring as much across, it has twenty-nine large blooms.



GRATITUDE.—Mr. Christopher Long, of Aldershot, who has been left £150 by an old Irishwoman whom he employed as a charwoman for many years.



COLLIERIES DEAL.—The Earl of Ellesmere, who is reported to be disposing of his estates and collieries in Lancashire and Cheshire to a syndicate of business men.

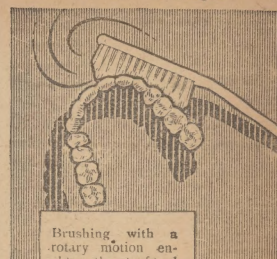


IN GREUZE SETTING.—Miss Pearl White, the film star, wearing the costume of Sophia Arnold and posed after the famous picture by Jean Baptiste Greuze. Miss White's intention to retire to a convent was recently reported.



THAMES-BUILT "LINER."—Workmen busily engaged in building the stern of a 100 feet steamer at Windsor. To be launched at Whitsun the new boat will be the largest on the upper reaches of the Thames. The vessel is being designed with due regard to the shallow waters in which she will be used.

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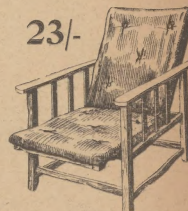


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They give New Vitality—and more.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1923.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

THE first formal Conference of the British and American Debt Funding Commission has begun favourably with an interchange of compliments and some unexceptionable remarks from our Chancellor of the Exchequer on the general monetary position.

No doubt our readers do not want to be bothered anew with the complicated but unavoidable problems of international finance: fully understood, it seems, only by a few experts who accompany Ministers—to prompt them on their frequent missions abroad. But even the American who longs for "spotted prosperity" (as Mr. Baldwin put it)—that is for an isolated economic safety, not dependent on affairs in Europe—will see, in time, that for him, no less than for us, lower taxation in Europe is an ideal to aim at; because higher taxation here means (amongst other evils) that we cannot purchase from America. And America, though a creditor nation, is suffering because she cannot sell her products, to us.

We are glad also to see that Mr. Baldwin admitted that our "acceptance of various mandates"—Palestine, Mesopotamia—far from leaving us richer has involved us in large and unproductive expenditure.

We quite agree. With Mr. Bonar Law, we "wish we had never gone there."

"THEIR OWN SEX."

JUDGES and magistrates, it appears, are beginning to discover what we have several times ventured to predict here—that women on juries will not necessarily be lenient to women accused.

"Harsh judges of their own sex?" it was suggested yesterday.

Perhaps not that so much, as proof against the sentimental bias common amongst male jurors in cases affecting women: Breach of Promise cases, for example.

A good advocate, we are told, often makes a good Judge—against the objection that a man who has "taken sides" in the body of the court all his life will go on taking sides on the Bench. On the contrary, the advocate may be all the more judicial, because he knows the tricks of legal eloquence.

So perhaps with women jurors. They are experts in feminine "excuses."

AN IMPROVEMENT.

WE see so little to encourage us in a belief in progress, that we are glad to congratulate the Metropolitan Railway on its Diamond Jubilee to-day. For here is an institution that undoubtedly has improved.

On January 10, 1863, London had its first experience of an Underground.

The usual pessimists were there to warn passengers of their peril.

Nevertheless, the Londoner—always a "good sport"—insisted upon patronising the new Railway. He will no doubt show the same spirit when the first aerial omnibuses start from the suburbs to the City.

Meanwhile the Metropolitan has advanced so vastly that it is difficult to imagine the conditions under which the City Man travelled under Queen Victoria. (How few women went to the City in those days!) If few of us can clearly recall that memorable opening day, many of the middle-aged amongst us can remember the later, but still comparatively early, times of an Underground given up to a necessary fog. A permanent pea-souper played over the grimy steam-trains. The deeper you went, the darker grew the atmosphere.

Yes; even the Dean of St. Paul's would admit that the Metropolitan has progressed.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

The Death Penalty—Schoolmasters and Parents—Umbrella Substitutes—Gir's Without Morals.

"A FRESH START IN LIFE."

ONE of the passages that attracted my attention in connection with the Ilford murder case was the fact that some evidently kind person offered to give Bywaters "a fresh start in life" in the event of a reprieve being granted. Why not give "the fresh start in life" to an unemployed ex-Serviceman who has not committed a murder?

NANCY EDGAR.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

I AGREE with your correspondent, "G. H. T." that the death sentence should be abolished. There is, in my opinion, no sin that justifies the agony inflicted by it.

We have no right to take life; and as for the guilty, it is sufficient that due reparation be exacted by a Higher Power. Capital punishment is surely against all re-

"POOR DOGS."

THERE is something very gladdening in hearing how many kind people have offered money to pay for the poor people's dog licences. Dogs are wonderfully human creatures, and it must be heartbreaking for a poor family to have to part with their dog simply because they cannot afford to pay the licence money. To part with a dog that is faithful is much like parting with one of the family.

I congratulate you on your work in helping "poor dogs."

I. G. H.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S FAULT?

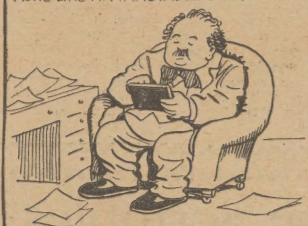
I SHOULD like to say that when I get an unfavourable report from my son's headmaster, I always feel like writing to that learned gentleman and asking him why it is that, although I am expected to pay him to bring up

THE EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF WINTER SPORTS.

OLD FOGEYSON SPENDS HALF THE YEAR IN A CHAIR AT THE CLUB COMPLAINING OF GOUT



AND SCRIBER (THE AUTHOR) GETS MORE AND MORE LIKE AN IMMOVABLE SACK OF WOOL.



MR. GRIMLEY AT MURREN

GRIMLEY FINDS THE FINE MINUTES WALK TO HIS CITY TRAIN INCREASINGLY LABORIOUS



YET AT THIS TIME OF YEAR ONE WILL SEE IN THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS—



COL. FOGEYSON AT DAVOS



MR. SCRIBER AT ST. MORITZ

How is it that they seem to turn even the rheumatic into expert athletes?

litions principles, which impose upon us the duty of giving to every wrongdoer a chance to "make good"—however great the sin.

J. M. G.

HOW TO KEEP DRY.

YOUR correspondent "V. T. K." asks some "ingenious" person to invent something in place of umbrellas.

Though by no means ingenious, but possessed of a little common sense, may I make a suggestion?

Wear a thoroughly waterproof mackintosh, a thick felt hat (for a man), or mackintosh hat (for a woman), and a good strong pair of shoes or boots. The mackintosh, by the way, should be fairly long, though not too long. This keeps the legs dry.

I happen to be one of those awkward people who find umbrellas a nuisance. They have a way of throwing me to the ground when I am getting on or off a bus.

One can plunge one's cold hands into one's pockets when wearing a mackintosh. But with an umbrella, one's right hand is almost frozen by the wind and rain.

F. G. W. G.

Cromwell-road.

POST-WAR WOMEN.

WHAT I chiefly object to in M. Marguerite's book is the grotesque caricature of the post-war girl.

When will people cease trying to make us believe that the typically modern girl is a drug-taker and absolutely without morals?

A REVIEWER OF NOVELS.

my child in the way he should go, he so candidly confesses his inability to do so. Surely no commercial man would be so candid of his shortcomings, and why a master of a school to whom I pay an exorbitant sum should calmly take that money and then admit failure, I really can't see.

H. S.

SEEING FAIRIES.

HAVING read with much interest the correspondence in your column on the existence of fairies may I ask why your correspondent "A Catholic" is so sceptical?

In reply to the question asking whether anybody has ever seen them I would say most emphatically "yes," unless we are to think that such people as Sir A. Conan Doyle and his friends are mistaken. A book by Sir Arthur has recently been published, "The Coming of the Fairies," in which many adults as well as children affirm that they have seen them. S. A.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 9. — Because the perennial asters (Michaelmas daisies) are so easily grown, they are often given but little attention.

But if fine flowers are to be expected these valuable perennials must have careful cultivation. Early in the spring the clumps should be dug up and healthy young pieces set out in a new bed of good rich soil. Plant the various varieties in bold groups if space allows.

From September until the end of November Michaelmas daisies do much to make the garden attractive—especially if the lovely new sorts are grown.

E. F. T.

SHALL WE ABOLISH THE OLD HANDSHAKE?

A NEW SALUTATION LEARN'T FROM ITALY.

By E. F. FORSTER.

UNDER Signor Mussolini, the black-shirted Fascisti claim to have saved Italy.

At present they and their ways are in the fashion, and there is a story that the laundrymen are seriously alarmed lest the mode of the black shirt should spread to England.

There is one part of the Fascisti ritual, however, with which we can well do in this country.

I refer to the fashion of saluting in the old Roman fashion—the arm above the head, with the palm of the hand outward. (You will have seen Mr. Henry Ainley and his talented colleagues do this in "Julius Caesar" at the St. James' Theatre not so long ago.)

No doubt if this fashion of greeting friends were to be introduced over here our streets and public places would look odd for a time, and great wrath and bewilderment would be caused among the taxi-driving brotherhood.

Until they got used to it, it would be difficult to convince the indignant chauffeur that you were not hailing him, but merely greeting an acquaintance. But, when we all settled down to it, we should doubtless wonder why we had so long tolerated any other mode of general salutation.

There is much to recommend it.

For one thing, it is half-way between the courtly and elaborate bowings and scrapings of the powder-and-patch period and the slovenly and almost furtive nods and head-duckings which nowadays represent the reaction therefrom.

For another thing, it will take the place of the too-frequent handshake. Since the war hand-shaking is not so honoured in the observance as it was; but even now it exists to much too large an extent.

HEARTY OR FLABBY.

WE all know those acquaintances with whom we dread to shake hands.

There is a hearty fellow who thinks he has not greeted you properly unless he has crushed your hand into a pulp.

He is of the same kind as those who beat you violently upon the back when they come upon you from behind, and dig you vigorously in the ribs when they want to drive home a point.

At the opposite pole is the flabby person who does not shake hands at all, but simply allows his limp, fish-like hand to stay for a moment in your grasp. Then there is the pump-handling person who jerks your hand briskly up and down a few times before he finally brings himself to relinquish it.

No wonder that foreigners deem us a conservative race! There is certainly great room for improvement in our methods of greeting each other. The other day a woman writer was deploring the fact that the modern short skirts prevented her sex from executing the graceful curtsies shown in "Polly" and other plays of that period. The young, bobbed-haired person of to-day gives one a nod of which the curtness matches the beauty of her curls and her skirts.

There is one thing to be said for the Roman—or Fascist—style of greeting.

Properly practised every morning, when you hail your neighbour on the way to town from your suburb, it ought to do you nearly as much good as exercises.

OVEN-O.

CLEANS GAS COOKERS EASILY IN 10 MINUTES

"My maid has used 'OVEN-O' on a much stained gas oven, and we are delighted with the result." (Sgd.)

MR. LE CREN CLARKE,

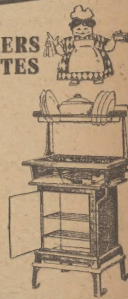
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THE MYSTERY OF LOVE'S AWAKENING

SYMPATHY THE REAL KEY TO THE SECRET?

By MICHAEL ARNOTT.

THERE is one fact in the long story of human existence that we may accept as authentic without the need of any assurance from the historians.

It is that whenever a man and a maid have found themselves enraptured with the vision of new-born love, they have propounded the eternal question: "When did you first love me?"

Throughout the ages the mystery of love's awakening has fascinated lovers, and it will probably continue to fascinate them until Science devises an instrument that can probe the secrets of the heart and solve the problem finally. If that day comes, love will lose much of its charm.

If there had been a novelist in the Stone Age, and he had written a faithful romance of his period, his description of the dawn of love would probably not have differed fundamentally from that of the modern novelist.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

He would have depicted the wood-stained lover alighting on the maiden of his choice while she was preoccupied with the drying of a dinosaur's skin for her subsequent adornment. With a neat wrist movement the lover would club the maiden and drag her back to his cave, and as with dawning consciousness she looked up into his eyes she would murmur: "When did you first love me?"

It is the eternal problem of lovers at that moment of Eden-like bliss when doubt has ended, and the world suddenly seems bright and wonderful.

How many, amongst the vast army of lovers, could explain the precise reason—or the precise moment—of their falling in love?

Novelists, philosophers and writers generally have dealt frequently with the theme, but usually they have succeeded rather in ex-

hibiting their own cleverness or cynicism than in shedding any real light upon the subject. Yet its solution is of the greatest importance.

Love is not, despite the cynics, a mere phase of human folly. It is the motive force that fulfils the eternal purpose of the universe. Its end is no less than that of the race.

What woman could fail to be interested in discovering just precisely what makes a man fall in love with her? What more interesting mystery is there in life?

For years a man may spend his leisure at dances, mixed clubs, sports and social amusements, and meet hundreds of feminine ac-



Feathers make the prettiest shading to a face, especially in variegated colourings.

quaintances that make no serious impress on his heart.

Suddenly he meets one that makes him pause. Somehow the customary frivolous conversation seems inappropriate in her presence. He feels tongue-tied. The fear seizes him that she will think him dull and stupid. He can only look at her in a way that she has never looked at a woman before, and hope that she will understand.

He is in love, and usually the woman does understand. That is her precious gift of intuition, and it makes the lover's task easy.

But why has he fallen in love?

Many a happy wife has won her husband by treating him coldly as a lover, an attitude that with some men makes the prize seem far more worth the winning.

There is, perhaps, a great deal more in the theory of the attraction of opposites, the striving of nature to restore the balance.

How often do we find the vain, handsome, smart man married—and happily married—to a plain, simple girl?

"She is wonderful, old man," he will say, "she understands me perfectly."

The explanation is that the vain, handsome man, like the vain, beautiful woman, is in search of adoration, which neither will yield to the other. It is the plain girl that will give the handsome man the adoration for which he yearns. She gives it to him quite naturally and almost unconsciously, certainly without any sense of lessened dignity. To her it is simply the instinctive surrender of love. To him, it is evidence of her superior discernment.

ART OF UNDERSTANDING.

Can we, with all these facts, pierce the mystery of love's awakening? Is there any universal rule, for instance, which gives the clue to why the petted man is won by snubbing and the snubbed man by petting?

My own theory is that the great Thomas Hardy settled the question for all time when he wrote that "Love begins with a sense of superior discernment."

The petted man is, in his heart, rather contemptuous of his admirers, and he has a difficulty to restrain his admiration of anyone who is daring enough to snub him. The snubbed man knows that he is not entirely contemptible, and he is ready to fall on his knees to the woman who is intelligent enough to pet him.

In a greater or less degree, that is the secret of all the love matches the world has ever known. It is that little demonstration of sympathy that makes one human being feel that another understands, and that lights the fire of love that should glow until death reveals "the love that passeth all understanding."

WOMAN OF THE WEEK.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDE-TO-BE WHO IS NOW TROUSSEAU BUYING.

ALL the world, we are told, loves a lover, but to that proportion of it which is feminine a bride becomes an object of special interest.

One of the outstanding social events of this month will be the wedding of the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, the beautiful only daughter of Lord and Lady Islington, to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edward Grigg, M.P.

The young bride is one of the most popular members of society's "younger set," and by reason of her unusual beauty and charm of expression has been likened to her illustrious namesake, Joan of Arc.

Nursing is her particular interest, and she worked for some time at the Alexandra Hospital for Children.

During the war she nursed at the hospital for officers which Lady Islington opened at her house in Chesterfield-gardens, and later she went to Rouen for the same purpose.

She showed her deep love of children in a practical manner by adopting the baby of a soldier killed in France.

An enthusiastic swimmer, the Bath Club is her favourite "haunt" when in town.

At the present time Miss Dickson-Poynder is in Paris with her mother enjoying the enchanting occupation of trousseau buying.

GLAZING A CAKE.

HOW often you see a crowd round a confectioner's window admiring the pretty cakes and pastry displayed.

While practice and experience are necessary to make the tempting dainties at home, it is easy to bestow upon our cakes that intriguing glaze that makes them so attractive-looking.

The cake tins must be greased with butter and sprinkled thickly with castor sugar before pouring in the mixture. Dredge sugar over the top, and cover with kitchen paper to prevent discoloration from burning.

Kitchen Slate Scribbles

VARIED MENUS—GUEST-ROOM NEEDS—A FLOWER HINT.

THIS is the season of hospitality, of entertainments and week-end guests.

An anxious time for the hostess, as it is by no means an easy matter to plan out everything so as to know exactly what will be required.

Once the shops close on Saturday there will be no possibility of supplementing under-estimated stores until Monday morning.

The most sensible plan is to sit down with a pencil and a sheet of paper and make various lists.

The first will be a list of your guests, noting how long and for how many meals each one will be with you.

Then review each meal in turn.

Write out a menu, and note exactly what will be required for each one.

When making your calculations always allow a little extra for emergencies, or the event of unexpected visitors arriving at odd times.

EXTRA ITEMS.

Make a list of household requisites required, such as visitors' soap, matches, candles, tumblers, extra china, etc. It is so difficult to think of all these small things unless one has them down in black and white.

Remember that once the shops have closed there will be no possibility of running out at the last moment to buy anything that has been forgotten.

Cut some cooked artichokes into rather thick slices, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle well with chopped parsley, and pour

over them a little salad oil and vinegar. Allow to stand for a while, then dip each piece in a good frying batter, drop into hot fat, fry to a golden brown, drain and pile up in a vegetable dish.

There is no doubt that frying is one of the most popular ways of cooking fish; and yet it is one which is badly done in many households, the food being served up greasy and unsightly and rendered altogether indigestible. Some hints follow which may be useful to the inexperienced cook.

1. Keep small kinds whole, but have larger ones filleted or cut in slices.

2. Wash and dry it well, then coat with some preparation which will prevent the fat entering.

3. The ideal "coating" is egg and fresh bread-crums, but this is expensive. Other satisfactory ones are seasoned flour, a fritter batter (also not cheap and suitable only for small pieces of fish), or one which is in most general use—viz., a thin flour-and-water batter with fresh or browned crumbs.

4. Have the fish neatly trimmed and completely coated.

5. Use either the "wet" or "dry" method of frying. The former is more suitable for small fish and fillets, the latter for larger kinds or pieces which require more cooking.

For either the preparation of the fish is the same.

A small bunch of flowers can be made to look double its size if placed in a vase and stood in front of a mirror. You should always stand the vase on a small mat to prevent dampening the polished surface of your table or bracket.

Such jolly kitchen mats can be bought. They are made of asbestos covered with lino and adorned with a bright poker-work design.

TRY SUNSHINE FURNISHING.

HOW TO MAKE A NORTH ROOM COSY.

By AN ARTIST'S WIFE.

IT falls to the lot of very few of us in these days to choose our homes. We have to shut our visions away till "some day when things are better," and cheerfully make the best of what we can get.

So when at last husband and I found a flat—"select and spacious"—we did not despair, even though the best rooms did face north-east—more north than east—but set about filling them with as much inside sunshine as possible.

In the dining-room the red brick fireplace and hearth had large cupboards on either side. The paint was dark oak, so to accentuate the light from a large bay window—the room being somewhat low—we left ceiling and frieze white.

The remainder of the walls we covered with soft golden paper.

For furniture we chose Jacobean style. The small chairs have brown leather seats. The armchairs and settee of warm brown leather have fitted cushions of golden brown velvet.

A BLENDING OF COLOUR.

We also added several more cushions of golden brown, burnt orange and soft blue.

For lighting we embellished the oxidised copper electric fittings in the centre with a gold grill, a double bracket over the side-board, with half-shades of the same colour.

The carpet, surrounded by polished boards, is Indian in design, with a blending of brown, fawn, soft pinks and blues and a touch of black.

Instead of blinds, we had curtains of deep buff figured casement cloth, fitted to each sash on brass rods, two to each centre sash and one on either side. These draw together at night.

Inside the bay there are golden-brown curtains of the same cloth hanging from ceiling to floor. These are finished with a six-inch valance hung right across.

WARMTH AND BRIGHTNESS.

The two large cupboards proved a real blessing. The upper panels we cut away and substituted glass, thus making two lovely look-alikes. The lower half serves as a store for all sorts of odd things, including a good supply of logs for the fire.

Outside, just below the window-sill, is a plot of grass, with a centre bed backed by evergreens. This, as far as possible, we keep filled with gold and blue flowers, with a touch of scarlet here and there. They add much to the brightness of our room, which, while getting no direct sun, always gives a comfy feeling of warmth and brightness.

As a final touch, mirrors placed opposite the window add much to the lighting effect, and, of course, the room is never without vases or bowls of flowers.

Thus we have proved that, despite all we hear about the disadvantages of a room facing north, it is possible to make it cosy, distinctive and—most important—bright.

BOUDOIR NOVELTY.

IF you said to your best friend, "Why don't you have American cloth on your dressing-table instead of the eternal duchesse sets?" she would exclaim, "How horrid! I have that in the nursery and the kitchen, not my bedroom." But show her the very newest ones you have invested in, and she'll at once recognise their practicability and charm.

Unless you have a plate-glass top fitted to your dressing-table, spilt powder, face cream and scent become a nuisance, necessitating a frequent change of covers and a substantial addition in consequence to the laundry bill.

As for all the daintier affairs of net and ruffled taffeta—well, spilled powder alone spells their ruin.

So don't scorn my American oilcloth idea.

One quick sponge over with warm water will remove the havoc caused by the hastiest and most scrambled before-breakfast routine.

Besides, you wouldn't call a close-fitting, supple runner of jade green, amber, petunia or deep rose ugly, would you?

You can buy ready-made sets in any of these engaging shades, and they are either painted or poker-worked in all manner of cheery designs.

Try the effect of a cluster of stencilled cerise cherries on a wedgwood-blue background the next time you are tempted to "glaze" because you can't afford all the tempting glass and porcelain dressing-table trifles that are displayed so alluringly and, alas! expensively in your pet shop.

Even if you are sure you won't like it—just try and see.

They are quite inexpensive. P. H.



Mr. H. A. Vachell, whose new play, "Plus Four," will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre.



Miss Violet Franklin, daughter of Lady Edith Franklin, Beaconsfield, to marry Mr. Edmund de Ayalá.

AT LLOYD'S!

From the Riviera—Manners in Church—A Literary Romance.

MEMBERS of "Lloyd's," despite their mercantile associations, do not neglect the arts. A very capable cast drawn from Lloyd's Dramatic Society are this week performing Reginald Berkeley's comedy "French Leave" at the theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. The history of the formation of the gigantic Lloyd's Corporation dates back to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the commercial community interested in shipping collected at a coffee-house kept by Edward Lloyd.

Oldest Newspapers.

This coffee house was in Tower-street, but in 1691 Mr. Lloyd removed to a shop at the corner of Abchurch-lane and Lombard-street. In 1736 Lloyd's List was founded, and, with the exception of the *London Gazette*, is the oldest newspaper in the world. In 1770 the frequenters of Lloyd's Coffee House formed themselves into an alliance, and moved to Pope's Head-alley, but removed in 1774 to the Royal Exchange where they still are.

Bernhardt's Substitute.

"Un Sujet de Roman," the new Sacha Guitry play, the production of which had to be postponed on account of the sudden illness of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, has been given in Paris and after all without the great actress. Her part was taken by a rising young actress Mme. Henriette Rogers, and the Divine Sarah herself could hardly have won more applause on the opening night. Mme. Bernhardt is making fair progress.

Lady Cynthia Asquith's Book.

Lady Cynthia Asquith is going to join the ranks of authoresses. She has already written, but not under her own name, some delightful articles relating to children. The nursery and its inmates will be the theme of her first book.

Sir James Barrie's Secretary.

Lady Cynthia has lived in a literary and artistic atmosphere all her life, for the Wyndhams have mostly displayed a taste for pictures and books. Lately she has added to her experience by acting as secretary to Sir James Barrie.

Creating Hats.

Mrs. Winston Churchill has been joined in the South of France by her mother, Lady Blanche Howard. Mrs. Churchill is Lady Blanche's elder daughter, and both she and Mrs. Betram Romilly much resemble one another. Mrs. Romilly has a pretty gift in millinery and at her hat shop in Davies-street does a good deal of actual sewing herself, though I believe she finds the putting in of a head-lining one of the most difficult things!

Tredegar Traditions.

Before leaving in his yacht *Maid of Honour* to join Lady Tredegar, who has taken a villa at Cannes, Lord Tredegar followed the old custom which has been observed for generations in his family by leading off the dancing at the servants' ball at Tredegar Park. The affair was held in what was built as the banquet-hall over 500 years ago, and was carried through with all the old-time ceremonial.

Famous Old Ale.

The house party entered the hall to the strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England," and Lord Tredegar, dressed as a Master of Foxhounds, partnered his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Hoare, in a country dance to the setting of "Speed the Plough." To finish up with, the 200 present drank his Lordship's health in the famous old ale of Tredegar.



Lord Tredegar.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Modern Churchgoers.

Some of the clergy have been commenting on the bad manners of modern churchgoers; but there is, unfortunately, nothing novel in irreverent behaviour in church. I knew a churchgoer once who used to boast that he had reduced the length of sermons in his parish by threatening (and keeping his threat) to get up and walk out after the sermon had lasted twenty minutes.

Shortened Sermons!

A friend of mine, too, told me how he once expostulated in vain with a stranger who was talking during the sermon. The man simply called up from the pew to the pulpit: "Never you mind about my talking. Just you get on with your preaching."

The Muse on Stilts.

My recent reference to unsuccessful lines in poetry has prompted a correspondent to ask who is the worst poet that this country ever produced. He says that his vote would go to Georgiana Farner, a Victorian versifier, whom the late Robert Ross rediscovered a few years since. This is a fair sample of her quality:—

Declining like the setting sun
After a course divinely run,
I saw a maiden passing fair
Reposing on an easy chair.

The Lawn Tennis Obsession.

Lady Wavertree is indefatigable in her efforts to amuse the guests who are staying at her villa at Cannes. Lawn tennis is, of course, the principal pastime out there as well as the principal topic of conversation. Lady Wavertree is one of a few society ladies who has an "adopted daughter."



Lady Wavertree.

stalking a small sum. His daughter, Lady Victoria Bullock, thoroughly enjoys a game of chemin de fer.

Snows and Sunshine.

St. Moritz is running the Riviera close as an attraction this winter, but some people are combining the two. Mrs. Richard Warde is one who being among the snows now will later exchange them for the blue seas and lemon groves of Beaulieu, where her mother, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, owns the lovely villa called "Marylands."

An Edwardian Beauty.

Mrs. Warde is still remembered best as the handsome Miss Muriel Wilson, of Edwardian days. Mrs. Wilson, too, is quite a personage, and is a frequenter of Monte Carlo, where her rows of pearls and diamonds are as well known as are the ever-varying and elaborate black lace caps which she favours.

Mrs. Shelley as "Deadhead."

Reading that Mrs. Shelley was still remembered best as the handsome Miss Muriel Wilson, of Edwardian days. Mrs. Wilson, too, is quite a personage, and is a frequenter of Monte Carlo, where her rows of pearls and diamonds are as well known as are the ever-varying and elaborate black lace caps which she favours.

Triangular Love Story.

The reason why Mrs. Shelley refused to marry him was that she wanted to marry his friend Washington Irving, who, however, made no response whatever to her advances. This triangular love story came to light quite recently, when a bundle of John Howard Payne's letters was acquired by an autograph hunter in Boston.

Irish Auditor-General.

I understand that Mr. James McElligott has resigned his position as editor of the *Statist* in order to take up his duties as Comptroller and Auditor-General of the Irish Free State. Mr. McElligott is an eminent authority on political economy and finance. He has had a distinguished university career. He also spent several years in the first division of the Civil Service.

Miniature Antiques.

Miniature antique collecting seems to be a revived fancy. Tiny pieces of glassware and china are much sought after just now, while wonderful little Chippendale tip-up tables and Sheraton chairs are considered a great prize. Some of these miniature pieces of workmanship which I have seen are marvels of workmanship, and are correct in every detail.

Actors' Benevolent Fund.

Mr. Charles B. Cochran will take the chair on Sunday, February 4, at the twenty-seventh annual dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Mr. Cochran has issued an eloquent statement, in which he suggests that as the struggle for existence becomes fiercer the work of the artist becomes more valuable to society. And, of course, when times are bad for everyone, they are specially bad for the luxury professions.

Busman's Holiday.

Mr. Nigel Playfair tells me that he is shortly taking a busman's holiday in America. His object, apart from a rest after the arduous production of "Polly," is to see the two Czecho-Slovakian plays, "R.U.R." and "The Insects," which are running in New York, and which he proposes to produce shortly in London.

Women Tax Inspectors.

The decision of the Civil Service Commissioners to open the post of Inspector of Taxes to girl candidates is a compliment to the efficiency of the modern woman official. I hear that for several years girl clerks have been occupying important staff posts in the Inland Revenue Department, and that they have performed their duties to the satisfaction of the supervising inspectors.

Moleskin!

Miss Peggy O'Neil, who is shortly to appear in the new Haymarket play, is setting a new fashion in cold weather costumes. I saw her on her way to rehearsal yesterday in a complete moleskin outfit, skirt and all.



Lady Cynthia Asquith, who will shortly publish her first book.



Mr. Edmund Gwenn has made a great success in "Lilac Time."

An Unbiased Mind.

Professor Tower's declaration that geographical knowledge will bring a young man to the front might not have appealed to our statesmen of older days. There was Palmerston, for instance, who on one occasion when the appointment of a Secretary to the Colonies was in question turned to Helps and said: "Well, I'll take the Colonies myself. Just come upstairs with me for half an hour and show me where these places are."

Cheaper "Seasons" Wanted.

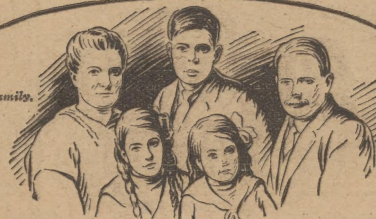
The cheaper season ticket does not appear to have been brought any nearer by the conversation between Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, and the deputation that visited him yesterday. Now that most people have to travel into London and other large towns every day from considerable distances it would be a very great public service if the Rates Tribunal could advise the extension of, at least, some part of the twenty-five per cent. cut to the season-ticket holder.

A Film King.

Adolph Zukor, I am reminded, is fifty years old to-day. Who is Adolph Zukor? No one connected with the film industry would ask the question, for Zukor is head of the Famous-Lasky Film Corporation, which is the biggest picture organisation in the world. He started life as a sweeper in a fur store in New York, and was partner with Marcus Loew in the "Penny Arcade" in 1905. He then devoted himself entirely to the cinematograph industry, and is one of the very few people who have made a fortune out of the business.

THE RAMBLER.

Hollis Family, Walsall.



From a recent photograph

ALL THE FAMILY Cured by Zam-Buk

"We owe a lot to Zam-Buk," said Mrs. L. Hollis, of 78, Queen Mary-street, Palfrey, Walsall, to a reporter. "There's nothing like this wonderful herbal balm for soothing and healing the skin."

MOTHER'S POISONED FOOT.

"I had a badly poisoned foot, caused by a nail in my left shoe scratching my big toe. I poulticed it and dressed it with common ointment, but the toe festered and discharged a lot of matter. I was in agony and badly crippled."

"Friends urged me to go to hospital but I used Zam-Buk instead. This grand healer gradually took away the pain and inflammation and drew out all the poison. My toe was then covered with new skin."

"That was 8 years ago and I've had no trouble with my foot since."

CHILDREN'S ECZEMA AND FATHER'S BAD SPRAIN.

"Our son James got rid of a troublesome attack of scalp eczema by using Zam-Buk, and Gladys and Doris also have Zam-Buk to thank for healing their sore places. When my husband sprained his back, massage with Zam-Buk soon took away all the pain and stiffness."

Zam-Buk is the favourite family skin-cure because it is always so safe and reliable. Made from the purest and coldest herbs, Zam-Buk possesses soothing, healing and antiseptic powers never found in any mere ointment or salve. Refuse all substitutes.

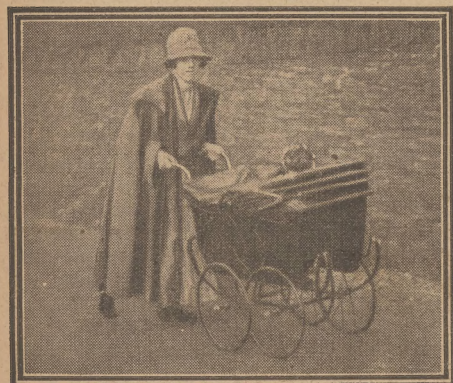
Zam-Buk

Is Always Better Than Common Ointments

LONDON-BRIGHTON PRAM PUSH



A challenge was recently issued by Mrs. Edwards, of Manchester, for a London-Brighton walk, participants to push a perambulator containing a child. This monster, owned by Leytonstone Babies' Home, has not been entered.



The challenge has, however, been accepted by Mrs. Sunderland, of Fleur-de-Lys, South Wales. She is here seen out for a practice walk in training for the contest, which is expected to take place next April.



BARON REFUGEE.—Vera Lavrova, a singer now appearing in London, with her husband, a refugee from Russia, who claims to possess the title of Baron Royce-Garrett.

POLLY AT HOME



Miss Lilian Davies, who has scored a marked success in her rendering of the name part in "Polly" at the Kingsway Theatre, London, enjoying a spell of leisure at the piano in her home.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



DESCENDANTS OF DICKENS.—Seven of the nine great-granddaughters of the late Charles Dickens, who are to take part in a fairy play, "Rainbowland," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.



Mrs. Nischan, the first woman to be appointed a justice in Berlin, has taken her seat this week.



Miss Enid Powell, aged fifteen, of Pen-coed, Wales, has gained the Gold Medal and Fellowship of the Victoria College of Music, London.



CATCH OF THE SEASON.—Mr. Thomas F. Foreman, of Wye Agricultural College, landed a nugget of gold while fishing from Eastbourne Pier.



LOSING A LINK.—Dutch eel boats such as have been berthed on the Thames from Elizabethan days and which are to be replaced by motor eel-boats.

WORLD'S BI

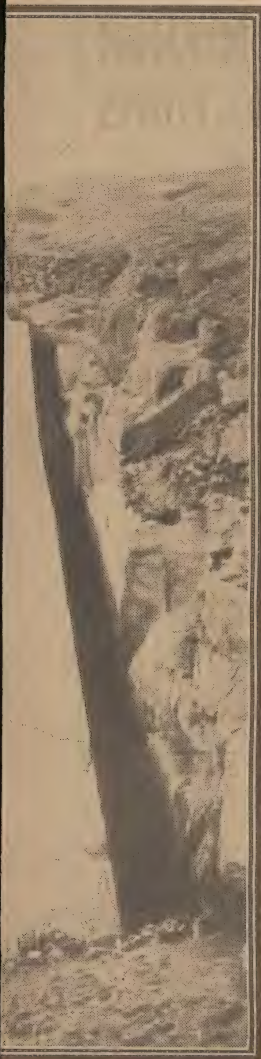


The obelisk unearthed at Assuan by hundred and thirteen feet long it is 1,200 tons and has never been completely 14 feet across the base.



The trench parent rock balls, some the floor of were left

ST OBELISK



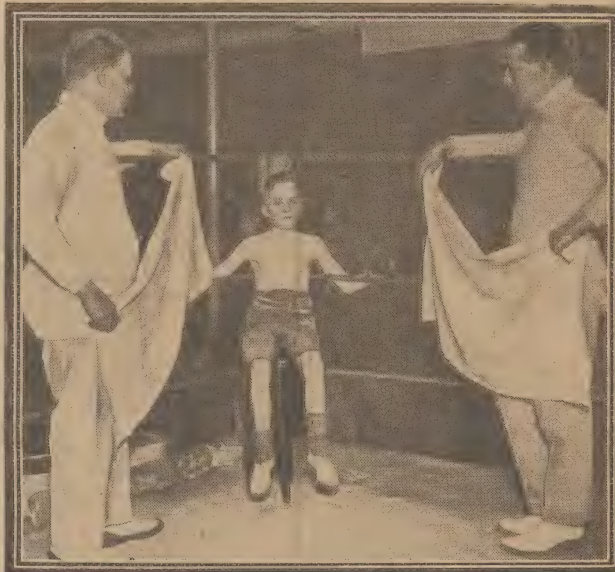
gian Antiquities Department. One of the world's record obelisks. It weighs from its bed of granite. It measures 15 feet to a width of 8 feet.

GUARDSMAN WEDS



Captain A. D. Bridge, Coldstream Guards, with his bride, Miss Hester Grant, daughter of Mr. J. A. Grant, after their wedding at St. Columbia, Pont-street, yesterday.

KEEN STABLE LAD BOXERS



J. Read, seconded by Arthur Gutteridge (left), the old-time professional.



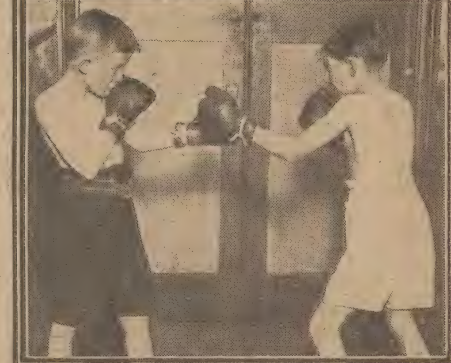
Mrs. Alice Nicklin, second wife of a travelling showman, has been burned to death in her home at Homerton.



Mr. Frederick Nicklin, the husband of Mrs. Alice Nicklin, was detained by the police, but was subsequently released.



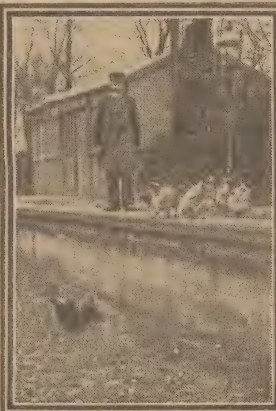
FRIENDS OF GERMANY.—General von Seckt (second from right) at the presentation by Sweden of a flag in remembrance of the participation of Swedish officers in the war on the side of Germany.



J. Read (left), of T. Leader's stable, and W. Small, of D. Waugh's stable, his vanquisher in the 4th contest.



CRICKETER BILLIARDS RIVALS.—W. E. Astill, the Leicestershire county cricketer (in play), and W. Herbert Fowler, the Somerset amateur, at billiards.



RAILWAY TO GO.—A station on the Hampshire branch line between Basingstoke and Alton. Disused since 1910, the line is now to be scrapped.



W. Small receiving his cup from Steve Donoghue. On the right is Brownie Carslake, the jockey.

Stable lads put up very creditable performances at the tournament held in aid of St. Dunstan's at the National Sporting Club. Small size was no bar to sportsmanship.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. It ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.

(1914 J), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

Please write plainly.



SALE ON NOW.

Clearance of 1922 Stock.

of Infants' Clothing, Shawls, Woollies, Blankets, Down Quilts, Prams, Cots, Cribs, etc., etc.

No Sale Goods sent on approval.

Our Standard Illustrated Catalogue, "EVERYTHING FOR BABY" sent free in plain envelope.

Treasure Cot.

COMPANY, LTD. (Dept. A),

103, Oxford Street, London, W.1

Nearly opposite Byrne and Hollingsworth.

Corn-Cutting Peril

Two Deaths from Gangrene of the Toe.

COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED BY BLUE-JAY

INQUESTS have been held in London on two persons who died from Gangrene set up by corn-cutting (vide Daily Papers). These lives could have been saved by Blue-Jay, the Scientific Corn Cure. Why take risks?

No corn can resist Blue-Jay. It takes out the corn, root and all—without pain or discomfort. A second treatment is rarely necessary. Blue-Jay is simply itself—it takes but a minute to apply—but oh! the joy of instant relief.

The only safe way to completely remove hard corns, soft corns, bunions, warts. Blue-Jay is sold by all Chemists and Stores in two forms, plasters or liquid. Use the form you like best. 2/- per package post free.

FREE COUPON

Send 5d. in stamps for Illustrated Booklet, "All About Corns," and sample plaster, from Blue-Jay Headquarters (Dept. M), 45, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Is your brain bright—after lunch?



5500 Guarantee of Purity. Packed under supervision of trained Chemists, who test all raw materials in our own Laboratory to prove that each is the best of its kind.

In eight delicious varieties:

Chicken and Ham
Ham and Tongue
Turkey and Tongue
Boat
Lobster
Salmon and Anchovy
Salmon and Shrimp
Chicken, Ham and Tongue

SAILOR SAVOURIES

FOR SPREADING.
The name Angus Watson on any preserved food means the best of its kind.

Angus Watson & Co. Limited, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Never a drop short Measure

WHEN you buy a bottle of Yorkshire Relish you know you are getting every drop you pay for—every 10½d. bottle contains no less than 2,400 drops.

To make a whole meat meal delicious, ten or a dozen drops of

Yorkshire Relish

are all you need; about the same quantity will give a piece of cheese a new appeal; half-a-dozen drops will make all the difference to a portion of fish; pressed beef takes on a wonderful new flavour when you pour a few drops over it; ten drops in your soup will make it far more appetising and help it to do you greater good. Let your family have the joy of better—yet no more expensive—meals. From any grocer—10½d.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS

BOURNVILLE NOW 7½^D 2¼^{lb} COCOA

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

Ringworm Cured

Child's Terrible Condition After 13 Months' Treatment. X-Rays Failed. Germolene Cured at Once.

Mrs. Cornwell, 31, Leonard's Road, Southall, Middlesex, says:—"My little Elsie had ringworm all over her head when I got Germolene, and now she is quite cured. Her poor little head was all over patches, and as there was no sign of improvement I had her examined. The X-Rays were used, and for 13 months she was away from school. Following the X-Ray treatment she went quite bald, and further examination proved that the ringworm was not cured. Then I tried Germolene. It was marvellous. With the first box the trouble disappeared. Elsie's hair grew again quite strong and natural, and when examined once more I was told it was perfectly healthy and that she might go back to school."

SOOTHS AT A TOUCH!

Eczema
Psoriasis
Rashes

Piles
Itching
Wheals

Skin Eruptions
Cuts and Burns
Ringworm

Pimples
Chapped Hands
Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching or ulcerated surfaces.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing



HOME PRICE

1/3 & 3/- per tin (the larger size is more economical). From Chemists and Stores everywhere. Ask distinctly for Germolene.

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Vol. XVI. Just Published.

Contains all the best of
W. K. HASELDEN'S
CARTOONS
of the past year

INCLUDING:

DORIS AND THE
LONDON SEASON
FATHERS AND SONS
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GWEN & BETTY AT
CHRISTMAS TIME

AN IDEAL
NEW YEAR'S
GIFT

for only **1/-** net.

or 1/3 post free.

DAILY MIRROR
REFLECTIONS

FOR NEEDLEWOMEN

HOW TO MAKE THE CRAZY DAISY DESIGN.

REMNANTS! How those little bits of material tempt us at the sales! A piece here and a piece there and a short length somewhere else. But when the excitement of the chase is over and we have reached home safely, gloating over our acquisitions, the little demon of doubt sits on our shoulders and whispers: "Now what on earth can you make out of that small scrap?" Yet any girl with nimble fingers and the smallest amount of imagination can put every little piece of material to the very daisy stitch.

Tray cloths are always wanted, so are table and dressing-table mats, narrow runners for sideboards, and very little time need be spent in making them as attractive as well as useful if you only know about the crazy daisy stitch.

Crazy daisies worked in silk or mercerized cotton with green or golden centres would look lovely on a background of pale blue or rose pink linen or shantung.

They could also be used as a border for curtains or as a trimming for a little girl's overall or a little boy's tunic.

This is how they are done.

First put a dot with a pencil at equal distances around the hem of the garment or the edges of the mat or cloth—one inch, two inches, or three inches apart, according to the size of the daisy you wish to make or the dimensions of the piece of work you are setting out upon.

When this is done put about eight or ten French knots over and around each pencilled dot.

Then take your crewel needle, threaded with a fairly long strand of silk or cotton, and make a knot at the end. Bring the needle out near the centre of the circle of French knots to begin the petals.

Hold the thread under your left thumb and put the needle in again quite near the hole from whence it first emerged, bring it out again about a quarter of an inch towards your thumb and pull the needle through, letting the thread still rest beneath the thumb. A loop is thus made.

Put the needle in again over the loop and your first petal is made. Make another petal just opposite, and again two others to face each other, then fill in the spaces with one or two more, and so make either an eight or twelve petaled flower, whichever is desired.

Always hold the work towards you so that the needle is pulled through towards you.

DIGESTIBLE MINCEMEAT

MINCEMEAT sometimes causes indigestion. This is due to insufficient cooking. Christmas pudding is boiled for hours; but mince, with practically the same ingredients, just as long as the pastry required.

A better plan is to steam the mince meat for an hour or two in covered jars, let it get thoroughly cold, and then use in the ordinary way.

Dinners for Chilly Days

INEXPENSIVE DISHES THAT ARE EASY TO COOK.

WHEN the East wind doth blow and you feel as if the weather is indeed neither fit for man nor beast—that's the time to remember that you all need plenty to eat and of the right kind of food, too.

Try a good Fen Country dish—bacon and onion pudding.

First make a suet crust of three-quarters of a pound of flour, four and a half ounces of suet, a dessertspoon of baking powder and enough water, slightly salted, to mix into dough. Roll it out and spread it thickly with chopped bacon—slices of flank will do—and chopped onion, roll it over and over, tuck in the ends and drop it into a stone jam jar. Tie over with greased paper and steam for three and a half or four hours—the longer the better.

Cheese, remember, produces energy.

Try a cheesy cabbage with lots of brown bread and butter.

First cut a cabbage into pieces and put it in a jar with a little butter and stand it in a saucepan of boiling water. In this way your cabbage loses none of the good salts that are usually boiled out, and it will make its own liquid. It needs steaming for an hour and a half.

Half an hour before dinner mix a dessertspoon of cornflour in a little cold milk and grate up a cup of cheese. Bring a breakfast cup of milk to the boil and add to the cornflour, stirring well, put in a saucepan with a lump of butter the grated cheese and some pepper and salt, and stir gently until you get a good creamy sauce. Dish up the cabbage and cover with the sauce, and then sprinkle another cup of grated cheese on top.

With the cheesy cabbage you need a good steamed suet pudding as sweet.



A variant on the usual kinds is made thus: First make a suet crust as above. Put two thick slices in the bottom of a pudding basin and line the rest with a thinner crust. Put into this a cup of yellow coarse sugar and the juice of two large lemons and one orange. Put another thick round of crust on top, tie over with greased paper and steam for three hours. What housewife does not, at least two mornings a week, yearn for a whole morning's attention to the house without stopping to cook for hungry school-children?

At first sight the "cookshop" meal or something from a tin seems the only solution, but the one is sometimes dangerous and the other expensive.

Here are some suggestions, not quite so obvious as the steamed steak pudding.

Buy the day before a pound—or more for a large family—of shin of beef and, over-night, just remove the gristle and skin and most of the fat and cut it into several pieces. In

the morning cut into inch-long lumps, roll them in a plat of flour and put in a stone jam jar with a little pepper and salt and just enough water to cover. Tie a piece of well-greased paper over the top and put in either a steamer, fish-kettle or an oven—which should be a slow one after the first ten minutes.

For pudding put two tablespoons of barley kermels—in a jar if you are using the steamer or a pie-dish if you are using the oven—add a pint of milk, two tablespoons of Demerara sugar, and leave it to cook slowly.

A Business Girl's Dress

HOW SUITABLE CLOTHES BRING THEIR OWN REWARD.

THOSE stern moralists, the copy-books, taught us many things. From them we learned the value of honesty and early rising, but they quite forgot to impress upon our adolescent minds the need for suitability in dressing.

To be suitably dressed is to be well dressed, no matter how meagre the means at your disposal.

If you make a point of wearing the right clothes for the right occasion you will have gone three-parts of the way towards solving the dress problem.

And the glow of quiet satisfaction which this knowledge implants is worth even more than those ecstatic little thrills evoked by the sight of your new dress—it really need it—but couldn't resist-it dance frock.

It is to the business girl in particular that I dedicate these remarks.

When all is said and done, this is a man's world, and we are guests within it.

Not any too welcome guests either when it comes to the business world.

It will be by our clothes, therefore, we shall convince him we are not the naughty tea-drinking, nose-powdering little sillies that deep down in his old-fashioned heart he still believes us to be.

In the first place, you must resist a leaning towards angel and wing sleeves and flowing draperies that have a silly way of catching into typewriters and upsetting inkpots.

It is irritating for your employer to have to rise and extricate you from the wastepaper basket when he is in the middle of a rhapsody on rubber.

Avoid coloured stockings as you would cheap perfume—keeping to shades of stone and grey—and subdue your feminine fancy for jingling bracelets.

The only possible office jewellery is a signet ring or a fancy stone hung upon dark moiré ribbon.

Flaming colours, no matter how you imagine they become your glowing beauty, may set his teeth on edge.

But his eyes will rest with quiet pleasure and subconscious approval upon a single note of colour that accentuates the sweet sobriety of your frock.

There is no need to be dull or even ordinary in your office clothes. Every man loathes a "drah." But every man loves to see his secretary in grey or navy blue.

With regard to the latter, you can amply satisfy your colour craving by one of the fashionable American belts of broad and supple patent leather.

Wear long sleeves, but don't imagine that blotting-paper cuffs or sleeve protectors made of linen will give you that much desired appearance of efficiency. They are as depressing as they are hideous.

Resist the temptation to give your employer from day to day a gratuitous peep at the varied contents of your dress cupboard. Then,

when you do meet him out at the annual office dinner great will be your demure triumph when he recognises in the radiant creature beside him the efficient little grey-clad stenographer of his working hours.

Grey! Yes, how the conventional heart of a man loves grey upon a woman.

Many a secretary owes her unexpected rise, if she but knew it, to her unoffending little grey cloth frock with its daily renewed white collar and cuffs.

PHILLIDA.



HAIR CULTURE.

SOME HINTS ON SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT.

THE present mode of simple severity in hair-dressing necessitates more daily care and attention than is called for by any other style.

So the well-turned-out woman who devotes just those few moments' home-treatment to her "crowning glory" is as wise as she is dainty.

Neglect of the hair means expensive professional treatment, sometimes resulting in drastic methods, harmful dyes and bleaches, in order to effect an artificial lustre and brightness.

Do not leave your brushes uncovered and lying about the dressing table, for they collect dust and dirt, and always devote at least ten minutes a day to careful brushing.

Scalp massage with the finger-tips is most beneficial, and a thick silk handkerchief passed briskly over the hair imparts a glossy sheen.

Avoid over-scented brillianines and hair oil—for these often leave an unpleasantly stale perfume, and do not spray the hair with scent, as this is inclined to make it fade and become brittle. Instead, add just a few drops of some good scent essence to the rinsing water, also a pinch of borax, and you will find the result highly satisfactory.

If you dry the hair before a fire you need not be surprised to find it harsh and dry; rub it gently with warm towels instead.

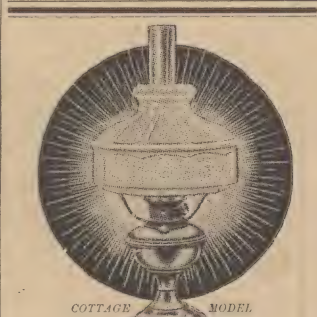
Should your hair be of the bobbed variety, then a boudoir cap worn at bed-time while the hair is slightly damp will help it to "set."

For very dry tresses try an oil bath the night before you shampoo them. Well soak the hair and scalp with olive oil, wrap an old towel loosely about the head and pin another over the pillow. Leave it on all night, so that the oil may gently soak in and feed and revive the famished roots.

Hair responds readily to this kind treatment, and you will find that a delicious softness, unexpected colour depths and glossiness will be the reward for your pains.

HOUSEHOLD HINT.

DO you throw away the round tins that have once contained cocoa or the square ones that held the shortbread and the biscuits? Well, don't. Cover them instead with a piece of left-over cretonne, Government linen, or even a piece of decorative wallpaper. Then you will have a dainty handle tea caddy or a little private tuck-box of your own. There is nothing like the latter for those wakeful moments in the night when you feel a biscuit or two would be very acceptable, but a raid upon the larger too much trouble.



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SEND NO MONEY.

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Get the Aladdin on TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Light it as you do an ordinary oil lamp—at the wick. Notice the difference in the cheerful appearance of your home under the powerful, pure white light from this scientifically constructed lamp—equal to 60 candles. No pumping up, cannot explode. Burns common paraffin at a cost of only 4d. per hour.

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Laxatives.Nujol is a Lubricant—not a medicine
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gu.—28, Mile End-rd, E."Try 'Wincarnis' for
COUGHS and COLDS."Add a wineglassful of 'Wincarnis' to half a cupful of hot water—put in a lump
of sugar—and drink slowly.Feel what a warm comforting glow it gives you. See how quickly it tends to
"break up" a cold and relieve a troublesome cough.The weather at this time of year is very treacherous. 'Tis the season for coughs
and colds. More often than not we catch them from one another.But although people around you may be distributing germs by coughing and sneezing
—you may protect yourself by fortifying your system against attacks. Thousands
of men and women rely upon 'Wincarnis' at this time of the year. BecauseWINCARNIS
"The Wine of Life."is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in
one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

But be sure you get 'Wincarnis.' Don't trust imitations or substitutes.

If you are offered a substitute, say "No, thank you, I must have 'Wincarnis.'"

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Coleman & Co. Ltd. Dept. 40, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose fivepence in stamps to
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Name _____

Address _____

"Daily Mirror," 10/1/23.

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Cadbury's
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"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE"



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panied by POSTAL ORDERS CROSSED "CUTTS
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MISCELLANEOUS.

A LADY'S Free Booklet sent on Permanent Hair Wave
at home.—Baby's, 5, Homebush-st., Brompton, W.1.
CARNIVAL Novelties.—Paper hats, rattles, streamers,
balloons, and all novelties for dances, parties, etc.;
send for list.—Clay, 12, Lauderdale-gate, Leeds, W.1.LADY Anglian Divisional Transport and Supply Column.
L. R.A.S.G., 2 P., Old Comrades' Association—Reunion
Dinner will be held at L. and N.W. Rly. Restaurant,
Broad-st. Station on Saturday, 27th January 1923. Will
all old members appear for tickets, 7s. 6d. each, to Hon.
Sec., Mr. J. Newson, 16, Belchworth-road, Seven Kings,
Essex.HOW To Stop Smoking.—Genuine remedy; booklet free—
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street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.STAMMERING.—"How to Cure Yourself or Child"; book
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topsets, hair, curls and every description of ornamental
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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Wilfred has come off easily best in the way of presents this Christmas and New Year. Every morning I receive mysterious packages addressed to the famous little rabbit; by to-day's post there was a little red woollen jumper with instructions that Wilfred should wear it "whenever he goes out of doors to prevent him catching cold." Squeak has tried to put the jumper on Wilfred, but as yet he strenuously refuses to wear it. Pip thinks the



"I love Wilfred!"

In the end you have a "What-shall-I-do-with-myself-in-this-miserable-world!" sort of feeling, and you are pretty sure to get into further trouble for being so disagreeable. (Of course, I know you are not like this; it may apply to some of your boy and girl friends, however!) There is only one cure, in my opinion, for an attack of this very common after-Christmas complaint. Do some work. Make something. Busy yourself in some way or other, so that you forget your troubles, and then you will suddenly find that you have no real troubles—that they are all just fancy and make-believe.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

FIRESIDE STORIES.

"I'M just going to have a hair-cut," said Jack. "Are you?" replied his smart brother, Billie. "If I were you I'd have them all cut."

"Do you understand French, Mabel?" asked Auntie.

READERS' FUNNY RHYMES.

Many "Fine Days in the Middle of the Night."

SINCE I announced the "Nonsense Rhymes" Competition, hundreds of the funniest rhymes you ever heard have been pouring into the office. The number of "men who got up to fight" on "fine days in the middle of the night" is quite amazing! It seems to be quite the most popular rhyme, but as you all probably know it well enough, I will only quote you the following few, which, I think, are quite new and very funny—

"I am a draper's little boy,
I keep a shop, you see;
And Jessie comes to buy of me
Each morning after tea."

"She asks me for a quart of string,
And then a peck of silk,
A yard of pork, and then a pound
Of nice fresh buttermilk."

That little effort came from Ivy Cawtre, to whom a small prize has been sent. John Moxrip, of Edinburgh, sends the following poem—

"It was in the month of
Liverpool,
In the city of July,
The rain was snowing
heavy,
And all the streets were
dry."

How do you like this, from
H. Smith, of Southend-on-Sea?

"Sing a song of two and six,
Apples, curds and whey,
Four and twenty earwigs
Dancing on a tray;
Each one had a tooth-brush,
With which he combed
his hair,
And all the others carried
paint
Which made the neighbours
stare!"

One more! This is from
John Mack, who lives at East
Dulwich:—

"The pen was on the carpet,
The ink was on the door;
Thamun was sitting on his head
And writing on the floor."
Prizes have been sent to
all these young "poets."

GOLDFISH.

I HAVE only had one letter about pets this week. It is from Gavin Starey, of Clapham, who asks for some information about his two goldfish, Pip and Squeak.

Every week a fresh branch of boxwood should be put in the globe, and some weeds from any stream, with a pebble or two or a little sprinkling of sand can be added.

BALANCING THE BASKET

THIS is ever such a jolly game for a party, or even to try as an acrobatic feat when you are by yourself.

Get a strong pole about 5 ft. long—a broom-handle will do splendidly—a walking-stick, four pennies and a clothes-basket. Now insert the pole through the handles of the basket (as you see in the picture below), and rest the ends on two chairs. Then place the pennies on the two front corners of each chair. All is now ready, and you climb into the basket, taking a secure seat. It is generally necessary to get someone to help you to do this. Once you feel quite comfortable, take the walking-stick and try to knock the pennies off the chair with it.

This is not at all easy. At every movement you make the basket will shake and threaten to



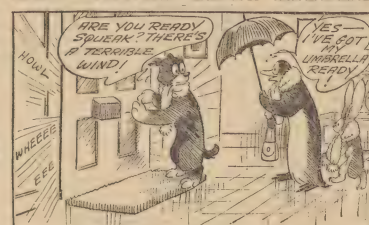
A very insecure seat!

throw you out! Sooner or later you are bound to come tumbling to the ground. It is a good plan to place a few cushions under the chairs.

"MR. GALE" CALLS AND MAKES THINGS VERY LIVELY



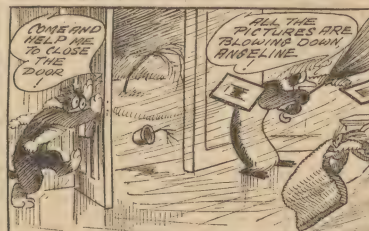
1. Although it was raining and blowing "great guns" Squeak said they must visit Aunt Emma.



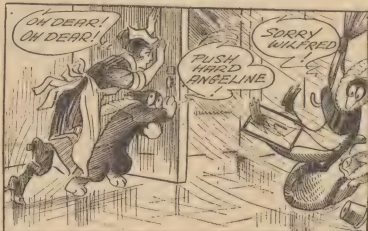
2. So they put on muffers and went downstairs. The wind screamed through the door cracks.



3. And then Pip opened the front door. Of course, it flew open with a bang!



4. Pictures, carpets, rugs and other things were blown away all over the hall.



5. Angeline came to the rescue, and helped Pip push the door to.



6. They all felt very sorry for themselves—Wilfred was quite dazed—for some time afterwards.

jumper must be a bit "scrubby," and believes that rabbits are quite warm enough in their own coats. Perhaps he is right. Another gift for our bunny to-day was a parcel containing the following articles:—

- A toy saw.
- Two paper caps.
- One (rather squashed) chocolate cream.
- A whistle.
- Three Christmas cracker "mottoes."

Several little packets of cigarette-pictures—Wilfred, as you probably know, is a very keen collector—also arrived for him. Squeak is going to decorate his bedroom with them. The "mottoes" which arrived to-day will be hung up over his bed. One of them reads: "The darker the day the clearer the call for us to shine," not such bad advice for every one of us!

Now that all the excitements of Christmas and the New Year are over, I expect a good many of you are suffering from an attack of "end-of-holiday feeling." Do you know it? You get up rather late, and nothing seems to go right. Part of your clothes have disappeared or got mixed up, and when you get downstairs your breakfast is cold. It is dripping with rain outside, and your friends, perhaps, who made things so jolly at Christmas have gone.

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl, with a wise nod of her head. "Whenever I hear mummy and dad talking in French I know it's about me!"

"Do you know, Tommy," said teacher, "what is the difference between you and a fisherman?"

"No, sir," replied Tommy, meekly. "Well, a fisherman baits his hooks and Tommy hates his books. You can stay in after school!"

The little boy had been fishing in the rain for some time. A kind old gentleman passing by stopped to watch him. "D'ye like fishing, my boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Caught anything yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, that's good luck! What is it?"

"A cold, sir."

What trees grow on your hands?—Palms.

Why is this page like a pillar-box?—Because it is red (read).

What girl's name spells the same both ways?—Hannah.

Why is Pip kind to birds?—Because he is fond of a-lark.



HOW TO KEEP CHILDREN HEALTHY

Here is a health-secret every mother should know.

The bright eyes, clear skin and radiant spirits of healthy childhood largely depend upon regular and normal movement of the bowels.

"Crisolax" lubricates the intestinal passages, softens the food-waste and ensures its removal from the bowels without strain or the use of harmful purgatives.

It combines the lubricating effect of the purest medicinal paraffin with the laxative, nutrient and digestive properties of the finest malt extract.

The delicious sugar-candy flavour is loved by children. Give them "Crisolax" dry or dissolved in milk they will enjoy it.

Try "Crisolax" for your children. See how they like it! See how it promotes a clear skin, bright eyes and happiness!

CRISTOLAX

MALT EXTRACT WITH PARAFFIN
Laxative—Nutrient—Digestive

Prepared by the manufacturers of "Ointline," A. Wander, Ltd., 45, Courtenay St., E.C.1, and sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire. Price in Great Britain 2/6 per large bottle. X13

TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT

If you are overweight the cause of your overweight is lack of oxygen-carrying power in the blood and faulty assimilation of food. Too little is being made into the harder tissue of muscle and too much into little globules of fat. Therefore, you should correct the mal-assimilation and increase the oxygen-carrying power of the blood. To do this go to any good chemist and get oil of Orilene capsules and take one capsule after each meal and one at bedtime till your weight is reduced to what it should be on all parts of the body. The effect of oil of Orilene in capsule form is remarkable as a weight reducer and it is perfectly safe. (Adv.)

CURES COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH & DEAFNESS

There's but one thing that does that with speed and safety—a little gift of Nature's in the form of pine and tar! How quickly and pleasantly it acts! You simply place a few drops of Bitrate of Tar on a lump of sugar and let it dissolve in the mouth; instantly your breathing becomes easier; the "Swallowing" becomes less frequent and you feel noticeably brighter. Within a very short time you have the trouble under control and then—good-bye to the catarrhal deafness! Try Bitrate of Tar—just once. It will not fail you, for the pleasantly pungent vapours of the Norwegian Pine are the admitted antidote to all catarrhal troubles. Bitrate of Tar costs but 2s., and any good chemist can supply you; you can get other preparations cheaper, but Bitrate of Tar is made for those who need a CURE. (Adv.)



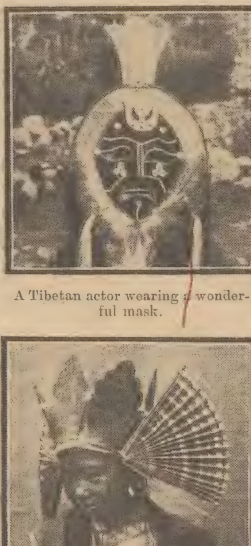
WINTER SOJOURNERS AT KENSINGTON



The Kensington Foreshore. A vivid snapshot of the gulls which have made the Round Pond their winter quarters. They have made acquaintance with all the leading visitors to this haunt of children and get much enjoyment from the mud.



GIRL'S JIU-JITSU FILM.—Miss Richmond throwing a grown man during the making of a new film to demonstrate to the general public the jiu-jitsu methods of self-defence. It is obviously an athletic exercise.



Tibetan actress in a headress with fan-like decorations.



Captain Noel taking films at Base Camp, Rongbuk Glacier.

MOUNT EVEREST FILMS.—The official film of the attempt to climb Mount Everest, the world's highest peak, is to be shown at the Philharmonic Hall. With it will be given an explanatory lecture.

SENSATIONAL NEWS TO
PREMATURELY OLD MEN AND WOMEN

Even comparatively Young People found to be Ageing Prematurely through
Hardening of the Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis).

**TENS OF THOUSANDS FAILING IN HEALTH, AND THEN ULTIMATELY
DYING FROM INSIDIOUS POISON IN THE BLOOD.**

Over 8,350 British chemists actively interested and working.

The question was asked the other day, "Why is it that during the war so many people, considering conditions, enjoyed really good health, while now that our troubles in regard to the war are over, so many people are tired out, listless, irritable, full of rheumatic pains, and seem to be getting prematurely old?"

The inquirer, who was himself suffering as badly as anyone, was anxious to discover the reason for this premature ageing. He had been married over three years, and while in the army enjoyed first-class health. Now he is at home in a comfortable position, and all that he heartily could wish for within reason, his health is uniformly bad, and he feels that he is getting to be an old man and that before his time.

And what this man has on his mind is on the minds of thousands of others, not merely in England, but in most other parts of the world.

It seems as though this premature ageing is creeping slowly and surely over thousands of people who should be strong, young, and active, but for some apparently unaccountable reason they are getting old before their time. It means that their arteries are hardening. And when the arteries, which convey the blood to all parts of the body, become hardened, just like old, perished rubber, they do not function properly, and very often, being in this hardened brittle condition, give way with disastrous results.

THE CAUSE OF ARTERY HARDENING.

While all kinds of theories have from time to time been advanced, it has recently been accepted as a proved fact that the cause of all the trouble is a poison in the blood known as uric acid. Now let us see if this poisonous uric acid? How does it get into the blood?

It must be first of all understood that our body, as a whole, is wearing out and being made good again all the time. The tiny particles produced in this wearing out process, which are known as metabolic products in the liver substances known as urea and uric acid. As can easily be seen, these are really waste products.

Now this uric acid is a potent poison, and if allowed to circulate in the blood, not only makes the patient extremely ill, but eventually causes death by what is known as self-poisoning. The patient becomes self-poisoned because his kidneys, which are really filters of the body, should remove from the blood every particle of uric acid, and uric acid. If they are weak and incompetent they are unable to remove the poison, and so, circulating round and round the body, and increasing in quantity, hour after hour, day after day, a serious condition results.

HOW IT CAUSES RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, BACKACHE, AND SEVERE PAINS IN THE MUSCLES AND JOINTS AS WELL AS IN THE BLADDER.

Whole chapters could be written about this poisonous uric acid. It not only ruins the condition of the arteries by hardening them and making them brittle, but being itself a more or less white powder (when obtained pure), it really is a mass of sharp, jagged crystals, which are cutting edges. The fact of a normal quantity circulating in the blood for a time means nothing, but when the quantity of uric acid in the blood becomes increased the kidneys should then do their proper work and pass this poison out from the body by natural functions.

If the kidneys are weak and unable to do their work then the uric acid gets left behind, and these sharp, jagged-edged crystals deposit slowly but surely in the muscles and joints, and not only do they deposit, but they keep on depositing, day after day, week after week, until the joints become swollen, the muscles stiff and sore, then you have the excruciating pain of rheumatism, lumbago and other similar tortures.

And what uric acid does in the muscles and joints is as nothing to the excruciating pain it will cause when it gets to the bladder (cystitis). Only those who have suffered the burning, scalding pains of this painful complaint can appreciate what it means.

THOUSANDS IN DANGER THROUGH IGNORANCE THAT A REAL CURE EXISTS.

It is remarkable how men and women will continue to suffer in ignorance, even when they have had a case very close by before them. Sometimes medicine has something to do with it, other times it is merely a question of putting off, but there comes a time when the pain becomes so acute that attention has got to be given to the symptoms.

HOW TO TELL IF YOUR KIDNEYS ARE AFFECTED.
To decide whether your kidneys are affected or not, it is necessary to view the matter seriously and study the symptoms of kidney trouble.

Constipation.
Backache.
Muscular pains.
Tired feeling.
Weak back.
Rheumatism.
Scant urine.
Lumbago.

Scintilla.
Bad taste in the mouth.
Cystitis.
Inflammation of the bladder.
Gravel.
Gout.
Stiffness of joints.

If you have a combination of these symptoms, then you may expect that your kidneys are weak or disordered. They may not be very bad, but on the other hand, if you have been suffering for years, it is only reasonable to suppose that it will take some time to get the kidneys right, but you must get right, first by getting the kidneys back to health and strength, and then you will be able to enjoy life to-day just as well as you did twenty or thirty years ago.

Thousands of people in all parts of the world have suffered severely from these symptoms, many of them being seventy or eighty years of age, and have by no means been able to get themselves back into perfect health and strength, and to see the joy of living free from pain and suffering, by the use of a scientific remedy—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

READ WHAT A FEW OUT OF SOME THOUSANDS SAY ABOUT THEM.

"For over three years I suffered agonising tortures from kidney trouble. I wrote Mr. James C. De Witt, of 233 Burley Road, Leeds. The pains were so bad that I could hardly move. I was advised to try Dr. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. I bought a box from Taylor's, the Chemists in Kirkstall Road, and found after only one or two doses the effect was really wonderful. I bought a second (larger) box, and by the time I had finished taking all the pills in the second box, my pain had completely disappeared." This all happened before the War.

Ten years afterwards (on the 25th May, 1920) Mr. Boller said: "I am always recommending De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills."

people who I come in contact with, for I feel everybody should know of these wonderful little pills."

PAINS LIKE THE STAB OF A KNIFE.

"I was tortured with backache and kidney trouble. I dare not stoop for the pains would seem to stab me like a knife. I was languid, nervous, and irritable, and often had to stop in the street feeling so faint and helpless from pain that I was afraid to move another step. I tried every remedy I heard of, but only seemed to get worse. At last I was advised by a friend to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. I bought a box from Taylor's, the Chemists in Kirkstall Road, and found after only one or two doses the effect was really wonderful. I bought a second (larger) box, and by the time I had finished taking all the pills in the second box, my pain had completely disappeared." This all happened before the War.

Three years afterwards, in April, 1922, Mrs. Samuels said: "I have been perfectly well ever since, and cannot praise these wonderful little pills too highly. I am still the best of health, for my cure has proved a permanent one."

RHEUMATIC PAINS AND BLADDER WEAKNESS.

In January, 1914, Mr. Henry Trim, of 6, Orchard Street, Glastonbury, wrote: "All my fellow workmen know how ill I was before I tried De Witt's Pills. For several years I suffered from terrible rheumatic pains and bladder weakness. I tried two Doctors and several chemists' prescriptions, but only got worse. After taking only one bottle of De Witt's Pills I got relief, and three more completely cured me. I recently tried to get a cure from everyone, and you may make whatever use you like of this letter for the benefit of others."

This is a remarkable case, because Mr. Trim is seventy-five years of age, and on March 21st, 1922, eight years after he was cured, he said: "I am still keeping well. I know you will be pleased to learn that I always recommend De Witt's Pills, and did so in two cases recently, both of which they cured absolutely. One of these was an infirmity case and had been given up, but now, thanks to De Witt's Pills, he is alive and well."

DOCTORS RECOMMEND THEM TO THEIR PATIENTS.

There is no secret about De Witt's Pills, each box bears the formula, so that every Doctor and Chemist in Great Britain knows exactly what De Witt's Pills are made of.

Dr. P. T. L. says: "One of my patients suffered from lumbago and stiffness in the legs, in fact everything relating to rheumatism, and I used I do not know how many specialties. After taking De Witt's Pills, which I prescribed for him, all the above symptoms completely disappeared."

Dr. A. F. states: "I tried De Witt's Pills in a case of nephritis-astria during the critical period. There was a great diminution of the quantity of urine, and at the same time, there was much pain in the lumbago, etc., but on giving your pills the pains at once disappeared."

Dr. L. writes: "I have used De Witt's Pills in a number of cases with excellent results, for the formula gives the necessary conditions to contend against kidney ailments. I have used De Witt's Pills in cases of uric acid and albuminuria, as well as some who were suffering from catarrh in each case I have obtained excellent results."

THEIR GENTLY SOOTHING, SEARCHING,
CLEANSING POWERS.

Why is it that De Witt's Pills have cured so many thousands of so-called "hopeless" cases even when everything else has failed? There is a secret, and it is this. De Witt's Pills are scientifically compounded expressly to act on the kidneys and the bladder; what more, they get there.

When you take ordinary medicine, or so-called "backache" pills, you can get poor results, for they never get near the kidneys.

Now, when you take De Witt's Pills, you will notice, within a few hours, that the urine has become a muddy bluish colour. You know by that positive proof that the kidneys and the bladder have passed through the kidneys and the bladder. You have the proof before your eyes.

From that moment the "cleaning" of the kidneys and bladder commenced, and when the kidneys are thoroughly cleansed and healed of all impurities, the pains in your back and joints will disappear just as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow morning.

FREE TO EVERY READER
after giving De Witt's Pills a trial.

So that every user of De Witt's Pills can get the fullest possible benefit, a large number of copies of a well known booklet, "Kidney and Bladder Troubles and How to Cure Them," have been set out for the use of all interested in the De Witt's Pills. They are only for those genuinely interested in the De Witt's Pills. How to get one of these valuable little books:

FREE COUPON

This special Coupon posted immediately to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd., The Laboratories, E. Croydon, London, entitles the sender to one copy of a book on "Kidney and Bladder Troubles and How to Cure Them." If an empty De Witt's pill-carton or box is sent, and your chemist's name and address is mentioned. One book only can be sent to each home. 366A

RELIEF GUARANTEED OR
MONEY RETURNED.

There is not even a single drawback to De Witt's Pills; the very price itself is a recommendation, and so positive and uniformly successful are the results that a refunding guarantee is made to refund every penny of the purchase price—three shillings—should any sufferer fail to obtain the full measure of benefit promised, or if he is in any risk whatever, and health, strength, and success are within his grasp.

Every Chemist in Great Britain knows the formula of De Witt's Pills, and how good they are. So go now to your nearest Chemist or Drug Store, and get a box of De Witt's Pills; the most wonderful remedy the World has ever seen.

HOW TO STOP HEAD NOISES.

Officers, so you can write her with entire confidence.
Address as above.

tions should be sent in before January 31.

MYSTERY LETTER IN MURDER CASE.

Accused Man's Statement Not Read in Court.

DEATH IN STRUGGLE.

A murder occurred at Stockport yesterday, when Frederick Wood, a painter and itinerant upholsterer, was committed for trial on the charge of murdering Miss Margaret Gilchrist White.

Miss White was found dead by her brother on the night of December 18 in the house she occupied with him at Bramhall. She had then been dead seven or eight hours. It is alleged that Wood mended a chair in the house that morning, and was responsible for her death.

Prosecuting, Mr. A. Selous Cohen said that since the hearing there had come into his possession a statement written by Wood in gaol, and marked: "Not to be opened until after the inquest." It was addressed to Inspector Brown, of Scotland Yard, who is in charge of the case.

Mr. Cohen said that the inquest had been adjourned, and he proposed to read the statement. Wood objected to this, but eventually agreed to its being read after the medical evidence had been given.

SEIZED FROM BEHIND.

This evidence was taken, Dr. Nightingdale said he found bruises and marks on the neck and wrist such as might be caused by a cord or apron string.

He said, however, that death was due to asphyxiation caused by strangling, and not by strangulation with a cord. He thought Miss White had been seized from behind by both hands round the neck.

When Inspector Brown was called Mr. Cohen asked the magistrate to say whether the statement was admissible, and Wood objected strongly to its being put in, and said he had had no opportunity of asking the doctor questions. The statement had not been handed back to him, and he had had no opportunity of changing it. He added that if the statement were read it would prejudice his case.

The magistrate said that, while they wished to be perfectly fair to the prisoner, they felt bound to allow the statement to be read. Counsel said if the magistrate thought there was sufficient evidence to commit the man for trial, he would not put the statement in, but would give notice that it would be given at the trial. He did not want to be in the least degree unfair to the prisoner.

DETECTIVE'S FAIRNESS.

Wood, who had become rather excited, said: "It is all right. You are standing there and I am in the dock."

Counsel: I will not put it in now.

Wood: A good job.

He then questioned Inspector Brown as to the time he left Bramhall, with the object of showing that he was not very primitive, and when Inspector Brown had answered he said: "You are being fair enough. I admit it."

At Wood's request the medical witnesses were recalled, and when Dr. Fleming had said that he thought Miss White had been throttled by a person with the left hand, he asked "Do you think a person with a broken arm could put on pressure to throttle a person?"

Dr. Nightingdale: I should have to examine the arm.

The prosecutor agreed to that being done, and later Dr. Nightingdale told the Court that Wood's left arm was, in his opinion, strong enough for the purpose.

ROUND THE SHOPS.

Cheap Waterproofs and Other Articles for Winter Use.

With winter upon us, the news of Messrs. Burberry's 1923 sale should indeed be welcome. A Burberry waterproof is proof against the most inclement weather, besides being so exactly cut that it is actually a decorative article of dress. There are substantial reductions on all garments.

What could be more comforting than a cup of hot Oxo after a long day, perhaps, and cold rain? The proprietors of this beverage have hit on the ingenious idea of offering a prize of £100 to the competitor who sends in the correct solution to their new puzzle, supplied free to anyone who wraps the wrapper from a 1s. 11d. bottle of Oxo, together with two penny stamps.

And now to lighter things, such, for instance, as perfume, and what could be better than a flask of the well-known "221" Eau de Cologne which is obtainable at most chemists and other dealers. The little half-a-crown flasks are most convenient for carrying about in one's pocket, for use in a pinch, day or night.

Home buyers should be glad to hear that Messrs. Liberty's novel patent tilecloth floor covering has been reduced to 7s. 9d. a square yard. This fabric gives the picturesque effect of an old-world tiled floor, without the dampness usually attendant on the latter.

At Shoalbred's, a one-week clearance sale is in progress, at which there are to be found some extraordinary bargains in linens and silk stockings, the latter being offered at only 4s. 6d. per pair. Here also are shirt blouses in soft striped "Luvica" fabric at 10s. 9d., and some velvet scissors, in best quality steel, at 1s. a pair.

Macaroni is a food product which, as is well known, abounds in nutritious values. Quaker Milk Macaroni has the added advantage of containing milk. Moreover, it has been reduced from 1s. to 9d. a packet.

ENTRIES CLOSING.

Final Table Tennis Rush Breaks All Records. WEST END GALA.

Public interest in *The Daily Mirror* Table Tennis Championships becomes keener as the closing date for the entries approaches, and the final rush for entry forms is breaking all records.

No entries can be accepted after next Monday, and the preliminary games will commence a few days later.

The procedure will be simple. The United Kingdom has been divided into areas for the purposes of the championships, and the entries from each area will be dispatched immediately the lists close to the respective area organisers.

These organisers will arrange that every entrant shall first play at the nearest club or playing centre, and a notification of opponent with time and place of play will be sent on a printed form. The local games will continue until only the main and women champion of each area remain. These will be invited by *The Daily Mirror* to visit London for the finals.

London players will be interested to learn that a gala table tennis night will be held at the Maxim Restaurant, 30, Vardour-street, W.1, on Thursday from 10.30 p.m. to 2 a.m., under the auspices of the All England Table Tennis Club. Experts will demonstrate the game in the centre of the supper-room. All the visitors will receive appropriate gifts that will enable them to participate in a veritable table tennis battle.

The free practice centre at Messrs. Arding and Hobbs, Ltd., Clapham Junction, is enjoying a wonderful boom, and a large number of entries in the championships have resulted. It is clear that there is a big demand for many more of these playing centres.

All who intend to compete for the motor-cars, cups, trophies, medals, etc., should write to-day for entry forms. They will be sent by return of post to all who forward a stamped addressed envelope to "The Editor, *The Daily Mirror* Table Tennis Championships, 23-29, Boulevard-street, K.C. 4."

FIRE LESSON IN COURT.

Flannelette Less Dangerous Than It Used To Be, Says Stepany Coroner.

Demonstrating the danger of flannelette at a Stepany inquest on a boy who was fatally burned, Dr. R. L. Guthrie, the coroner, yesterday directed his officer to place a piece of flannelette on the fire in the court.

The flannelette was consumed long before the flannel had smouldered away.

The coroner said that flannelette seemed to be less dangerous than it used to be at one time, when it would burn like celluloid.

PIPER'S AT WEDDING.

Guardsman Married to Daughter of a Form-r M.P.

Pipers of the Scots Guards played "A Highland Wedding" and accompanied the guard of honour of N.C.O.s of the bridegroom's regiment, who lined up at St. Columba's Scottish Church, Port-street, yesterday for the wedding of Captain Darley Bridge, M.C., Coldstream Guards, and Miss Hester Grant, daughter of Mr. J. A. Grant, former M.P. for Whitehaven.

The Rev. Dr. Fleming officiated, and the bride's attendants included a small page, Master David Kennard, and eight bridesmaids wearing white chiffon dresses edged with brown fur. They carried bronze chrysanthemums and wore bouquets of mauve and gold with red and white tips. The bride wore two veils, one, as a train, of Brussels lace, and another of tulle over a white satin gown.

Captain W. S. Canfield, M.C. East Surrey Regiment, son of Brigadier-General Canfield, was married to Miss Merry John at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, yesterday.

ADVERTISING WINS.

Why Famous Day and Martin Firm Is To Be Sold.

The famous old business of Day and Martin, manufacturers of boot-blackening since the days of William IV, is about to be sold. The reason assigned by the managing director, Mr. Bursillon, for this decision on the part of the shareholders is that the firm has not sufficient capital to devote to advertising.

"In modern business the key to success is advertising, and doing it on the largest possible scale," Mr. Bursillon referred to the firm's fine literary flavour. It is mentioned by Carlyle, George Eliot, Tom Hood and Bret Harte, while Dickens was extremely partial towards it.

Mr. Bursillon was full of optimism about the future of the business. "We're in the classics," he declared, "and like them, we can't die."

GENERAL'S STORY OF MINES IN CHINA.

Sir C. Kavanagh's Evidence in Conspiracy Charge.

NAME ON PROSPECTUS.

Evidence by a general was given at Westminster yesterday, when William Henry Bennett, merchant, and Alexander Baver, engineer, and Leslie Ernest Haynes, secretary, were remanded on bail for a week on a charge of conspiracy to defraud in connection with the Humphry and Denman Company.

Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Kavanagh, retired, said that in December, 1921, he saw an advertisement offering a position in the Far East, and answered it.

He saw Enever, who told him about valuable concessions that had been obtained in China by a mining engineer named Grant.

Witness was to go out with a qualified impartial engineer and Grant to verify these concessions and discover the value of the mines.

He was offered £500 expenses and £1,000 for salary, and he was to put £2,000 into the company. After some haggling, it was arranged that he was to receive £500 expenses, £500 salary, £250 to be paid in advances.

WHY SALARY WAS REDUCED.

The reason for this reduction, General Kavanagh explained, was that instead of investing any money he should have the option of buying 2,000 shares on his return.

His own suggestion witness paid £250 for the option of the 2,000 shares. They then paid him half the salary fixed—£250—so that cheques were simply exchanged. He then signed application forms for 2,000 shares.

He then signed an agreement, as he wished to be merely a nominal shareholder, as he wished to show the directors and others that witness was going out to China with a financial interest in the company. Enever then gave him £500 for his expenses.

Counsel: Was anything said to you about joining the board of directors?

Witness: I never intended really to be a director until my return. I remember Colonel McTaggart showing me just before I started a prospectus of Humphry and Denman with my name on it. I was surprised. I ought to have seen the defendants before I went to China, but I did not. That is where I was wrong.

"OFFICE IN SMALL HOUSE."

Sir Charles Kavanagh added that he went out to Hankow, where Grant had told him he had large offices where he employed twenty clerks. He found a small house inhabited by Mrs. Grant, who showed him a room she called the office. It was covered with dust.

As the result of inquiries he wired to Enever, "Agreement in present condition worthless. Believe minerals exist."

There was no doubt, added the witness, that there were valuable minerals, but this agreement did not give the right to mine.

After his return he wrote to Enever about a newspaper article, and Enever replied, "I treat it with contempt and disgust." Your name was put on the papers you took out to China as director. If I were you I should not say more about this.

Witness said he never sanctioned his name being put down as director.

Cross-examined by Mr. Oliver, Sir Charles Kavanagh said Grant really had agreements with Chinamen relating to the mines mentioned.

He had seen a most optimistic report by Colonel McTaggart, and he did not agree with it.

LETTERS IN BRAILLE.

Blind Woman Congratulates Knighted Ministry Official.

Of the hundreds of letters received by Sir Basil Clarke, of the Ministry of Health, congratulating him on his knighthood, none has given him greater pleasure than one which arrived yesterday, written in Braille type.

It came from Miss Alice Barnes, an old blind resident of Everton, Liverpool, who has been some years ago to be staying at a remote country hotel in Derbyshire at which Sir Basil was also a guest.

Sir Basil once wrote an article about her, describing her as the happiest person he had ever met. Miss Barnes spends the whole of her time writing letters in Braille to blind and deaf people, "because," she explains, "it must be so dreadful when to be able to hear."

She has wonderful gifts, and can "sense" the presence of any object in front of her without seeing in the slightest.

If you put a chair in her way, as we sometimes did for fun," said Sir Basil, "she would stop dead in her walk across the room, put out her hands, and say, 'Oh! you boys! You are cheating me again!'"

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By Our City Editor.

Markets were generally cheerful to-day, with Home Rule, Rother shares and the City of London, the latter at 112 and N.E. Deferred 101. In Rails Bruns 107, Westerns 112, and N.E. Deferred 101. In Rails Bruns 107, Westerns 112, and N.E. Deferred 101.

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The DANGER of BEING THIN

EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN IS AN EASY TARGET FOR DISEASE.

In 40 days I Increased my Weight by 38lbs., and so that you may try the Wonderful Treatment that Restored me I will send you

A WEEK'S FREE SUPPLY.

THERE is no physical state so dangerous and disfiguring as that of emaciation. Every thin man and woman is daily facing perils, running risks and fighting against hazards which, sooner or later, will make them mere wrecks of humanity—unfit to face any of the duties of life.

That first loss of even a few pounds is a danger signal you cannot afford to ignore, for the shrinkage will proceed rapidly and ruinously.

To be active, healthy and strong Nature demands a perfect balance of weight—the normal amount of flesh which the body requires to ward off diseases and disorders. As you are thousands of people are now. Just a sheer shadow of a man—worn out with emaciation—less through lack of nerve force, a poor weakling pushed to the wall by those of ordinary physique.

Like you, I tried in vain to alter this sad state—I followed special dieting methods, forms of exercise and all the specifics which promised but did not fulfil. Eventually I did not despair, but finally applied my own medical and scientific training to the subject and with most glorious results. Yes, I discovered the real root of the evil, that great fact and emotion directly proceeds from nerve-power loss, and that my wasting away was simply the result of loss of nutrition through lack of the power to assimilate food.

AN ASTONISHING CONTRAST.

And on this discovery I based the treatment which, by renewing nervous vitality, gives all sufficient activity to the organs and functions.

Personal proof admits of no denials, and when I tell you that in 40 days I gained 38lbs.—that the time I was gratefully conscious of new life, keener zest, accession of strength and fullness of vigour, you will admit that my treatment had signally succeeded.

To-day, instead of being a puny, undersized, hanging over a man, I repeat in a full many figures, and I face the facts and enjoy all the pleasures of life. Why remain in your present unhappy, unhealthy and dejected condition? Why shun and avoid your fellow-creatures because of your gaunt and de-

pressing appearance? Why continue to invite the attacks of diseases? Why stand aloof as though you were a leper?

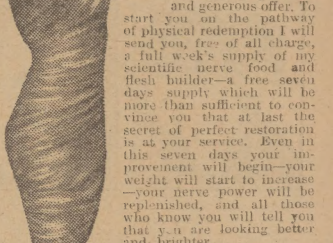
YOU CAN GET PLUMP AND WELL.

In all sincerity I tell you that a wonderful change is in store for you, and I will follow my advice—advice that I substantiate with a practical and generous offer. To

start you on the pathway of physical redemption I will send you, free of all charge, a full week's supply of my scientific nerve food and flesh builder—a free seven days supply which will be more than sufficient to convince you that at last the secret of perfect restoration is at your service. Even in this seven days your improvement will begin—your nerves will be renewed—your nerve power will be replenished, and all those who know you will tell you that you are looking better and brighter.

Every thin and scraggy woman—every lean and attenuated man can share in this wonderful benefit, and in duty to yourself you should accept my free gift.

Now, what you read these words, act on them and send the coupon below. Send this to me with your name and address written clearly on another piece of paper (say your card, Mr. Miss, or Mr.) and I will forward the supply post free.



Mr. MAURICE MAYNARD, 55, Chiswell Chambers, 27, Finsbury Street, London, E.C.

Mr. M. MAYNARD will forward to the sender of this coupon free of all charge a full week's supply of his treatment, together with the recently published book, "From Shadow to Substance," as advertised in "The Daily Mirror."

Post this Coupon to

Mr. MAURICE MAYNARD, 55, Chiswell Chambers, 27, Finsbury Street, London, E.C.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



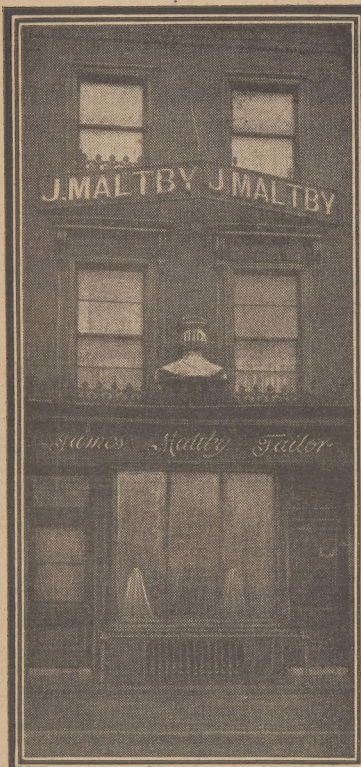
There are three whole columns—



—for the children on page 15.

BARRICADED HOUSE IN MISSING WOMAN MYSTERY

FRANCE'S REPARATIONS MEASURES



The house where Mr. Maltby is barricaded.

Mystery surrounds the disappearance of Mrs. Middleton, who last summer moved from her home in West Hampstead to Mr. James Maltby's house in Park-road, Regent's Park. Since then she has disappeared and has not drawn her monthly allowance from her husband. For a week or more, it is stated, Mr. Maltby's house has been barricaded. Two detectives, who attracted her attention from the back, have obtained a statement from him.



Mrs. Alice Middleton, the missing woman and wife of a merchant service captain.



Mr. James Maltby, who has told the police Mrs. Middleton left on August 15.



Hon. Thomas Brand, eldest son of Viscount Hampden, whose engagement to Miss Leila Seely is announced.



Lieut. Gen. Sir C. Kavanagh gave evidence yesterday on the charges against Mr. E. A. Enever and others.



The French General Berthelot, of the Superior War Council, who is shortly to leave Paris for Frankfurt. Inset is General Degoutte, who is in charge of the French military operations in the Ruhr district. He is known as the "clockwork general."



VILLA MURDER CHARGE.—Frederick Wood (above), who was again charged at Stockport yesterday with the murder of Miss Margaret White at Bramhall. Wood asked whether a person with a broken arm could use it with sufficient pressure to throttle a person.



"RED" RUMOUR.—Clara Zetkin, the notorious Communist agitator, is rumoured to have left Berlin in order to address a meeting at Manchester.



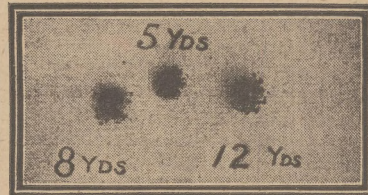
M.P. DEAD.—Mr. C. J. Mathew, K.C., Labour member for Whitechapel, has died at Folkestone following an operation. He was fifty-one years of age.



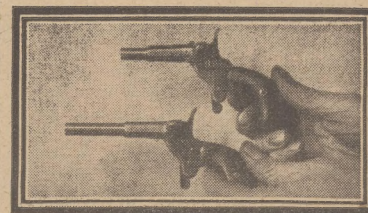
PEKINESE DOG SHOW.—Miss Olive Tritton, whose name is familiar to all interested in dog show activities, with a prize-winning pair of Pekingese pups at the show held at Olympia by the Peking Palace Dog Association. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



ACTORS OF TIBET.—A Tibetan actor (wearing mask) and actress, similar to those who figure in the film lecture "Climbing Mount Everest."



The effects of shots fired at sheet iron.



Top, the pistol converted for use with .22 ammunition; below, the pistol as sold.

DEADLY "TOY" REVOLVERS.—"Toy" pistols capable of conversion into deadly weapons may at present be purchased without a licence at London stores. (Daily Mirror photographs.)